SPORTIVE WIT:
THE
MUSES MERRIMENT.
A NEW SPRING
OF
Lusty Drollery, Jovial Fancies,
AND
A la mode Lampoones,
On some Heroick persons of these late Times,

Never before exposed to the publick view.

Collected for the Publick good, by a Club of sparkling Wits, *viz. C. F. I. F. L. M. W. T. Cum multis aliis.*

Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath: Brook*, to be sold at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*, and at the New Exchange and other places. 1656.

TO
THE TRULY NOBLE,
RALPH BANKS, *Esq.*

Honoured Sir,

WHen I resolv'd to addresse these Curiosities to your self, there was nothing which more emboldned me than your owne Ingenuity and worth, which I speak not after the common strain of Epistles Dedicatory, but in confirmation of a Truth well knowne to many. As for the Book it self, I may give it this character, that it containes Fancies as happy as the Muses could infuse into the choicest of our *English Wits*, and so order'd, as not to distast the most serious, yet to be as blithe and merry as youth it self

could expect. And therefore if you are pleased to look favourably on it, and to bid it welcome, I doubt not but it will live securely under your name, not a little to the honour of him, who desires to profess himself,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

J. P.

TO

To the Reader.

Jovial Readers,

BY your leave room for such Wit as your Friends and sparkling Canary presents you with: you have it from persons who entertained no serious thoughts, or notions at that time. 'Tis sufficient, that this small volume hath been before a lawfull Judicature: and certainly it cannot but be the better thought of, in regard it hath been too severely dealt withall; for Gold, though it be the richest production of the Sun, is very often expos'd to the Touch-stone. Such a triall have every one of these Copies endur'd. And believe it Reader, it hath passed the Verdict of a Grand Jury: The truth is, there formerly came forth a Book intituled Wit and Drollery, which contained so many refined Fancies, that had not this appeared, it might (for things of that nature) have given a full satisfaction to the curious. But since we have made so noble and so large a discovery, I hope, Reader, thou wilt not be angry that we have not been Concealers, and Hoarders of our wealth. For to deale plainly with thee,

Reader, the publishers had no designes beyond thy pleasure, their owne reputation, and the continuation of their sprightly Club. Onely be pleased, courteous Reader, to understand, that some friends of Sir John Mennis, *and* D. J. S. *have already taken notice, how these worthy persons are likely to suffer by Copies, to which their names are shortly to be affixed: Papers only to be protested against; and indeed those who knew those Gentlemen, can assure the Reader, that hitherto they never allowed of the publishing of their Copies, nor will ever descend so much from their own prerogative, as to own those which they never wrote. Neither have we such a dearth of other Wits, there are other ingenuous persons in our little World of* Britain, *more youthfull, as familiar and joviall with the Muses as ever they were, and such as when they please to be right Drollers, can be as little in love as they, such as are resolved never to study* Romances, *or to be guilty of the false praises of women. You may meet with severall Pamphlets, Reader, but consider whether they be not rak'd from the simple collections of Short hand prentices. Of these*

sur-

surreptitious Editions there is no end; and if such trifles are allowed, we shall see Ballads inserted shortly, to as much dishonour of our English Wit, as if Don's *Poems were turned into Dutch. The onely misfortune, as when meere Rimers, and such like pittifull Gleaners of the scraps of Wit, shall, like* Marsyas, *pretend to play with* Apollo. *Ingennous Reader, this volume is exposed to thy cleare censure; onely take notice, if you can finde out a Christian, and Sirname by the letters in the Title, as they are placed, you will do little leße than devine. These particulars I had order to acquaint you with from the* Club of Wits.

Remaining,

Your unfeigned friend in

NECTAR.

The Dunners Dance.

1.

WIll you hear the mode of *France*,
To ſtop the mouthes of all that dun you?
Onely lead them in a dance,
Though you be behinde in money.

2.

If your Creditor do call
To pay for diet, wine, or rayment;
In your dance keep time withal,
But forget it in your payment.

3.

If your Taylor chance to ſtrike you
With his Bill that ſtays no leaſure;
Pay him with a dance, he'll like you,
And in ſtead of coyn, take meaſure.

4.

If your Shoo-maker come on,
Turn your measure, quickly lead it;
Let that everlasting Dun
See his own Boots nimbly tread it.

5.

If your Lawyer seek you out
For Fees for this advice or t' other;
Make him dance, for all his Gout,
And pay one Motion with another.

6.

But if your Landlady do want,
You needs must satisfie her pleasure:
She despiseth your Corant;
She'll be paid in standing measure.

7.

Thus we do despise all care,
And thus we skip through all disasters;
That all the world cannot declare,
But we are nimble quick day-masters.

A Catch.

1.

THe Black Jack, the merry Black Jack,
As it is toſs'd on high-a;
Grows,
Flows,
Till at laſt they fall to blows,
And makes their noddles cry-a.

2.

The Brown Bowl, the merry Brown Bowl,
As it goes round about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world ſay what it will;
And drink your drink all out-a.

3.

The Deep Can, the merry Deep Can,
As thou doſt freely quaff-a;
Sing,
Fling;
Be as merry as a King,
And ſound a luſty Laugh-a.

The Bulls feather.

IT chanc'd not long ago, as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me to where two were talking:
'Twas a man said to his wife, Die had I rather,
Then to be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather.

Then presently she reply'd, Sweet, art thou jealous?
Thou canst not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus*:
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather:
There 's many an honest man has worn the Bulls fea-
(ther.

Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn:
He that disdains it in heart or minde either,
May be the more subject to wear the Bulls feather.

He that lives discontent, or in despair,
And feareth false measure, because his wife 's fair:
His thoughts are inconstant, much like winter-weather
Though one or two want it, he shall have a feather.

Bulls

Bulls feather's are common as *Ergo* in Schools,
And onely contemned by those that are fools:
Why should a Bulls feather cause any unrest,
Since neighbours fare always is counted the best?

Those women wh'are fairest, are likely'st to give it;
And husbands that have them, are apt to believe it.
Some men though their wives should seem for to tedder,
They would play the kinde neighbour, and give the Bulls feather.

Why should we repine that our wives are so kinde,
Since we that are husbands, are of the same minde?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my Bulls feather to day,
May light of a Lass that will play him foul play.
There's ne'er a proud Gallant that treads on Cows leather,
But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather.

Though Beer of that brewing I never did drink,
Yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think:
Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'll have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me adviſe all thoſe that do pine,
For fear that falſe Jealouſie ſhorten their time;
That diſeaſe will torment them worſe then any Fever:
Then let all be contented, and wear the Bulls fea-
(ther.

Cloſe-Stool and *Chamber-pot* chuſe out a Doctor.

A Lampoun.

1.

LAdies all, glad ye; here comes Doctor *Paddy*,
So good at a woman's Glyſter:
Whatere be her grief, he'll give her relief,
If once he have but kiſt her.

2. And

2.

And kiss her he might; for he was a Knight,
And a valiant man at Arms:
He never drew blood, but for the parties good;
And then he was paid for his harms.

3.

But Doctor *Foster* is but an impostor,
For all his exceeding great pains:
And Doctor *Poe*, the world doth know,
Is best for the running o' th' Reins.

4.

And Doctor *Turner* full many a mourner
By Chymistry hath made:
He first kills the man, and then treads the hen:
Oh this is an excellent trade!

5.

Yet Doctor *Davis* the very'st knave is
Of all that ever did practice:
And the Bull of the town, in the Taffata-gown,
Whose name I take to be *Atkis*.

6.

And Doctor *Langford*, although I hang for't,
I'll have a fling at your Jacket:
Though you ride in a Cart, for your Bridewel-desert,
Yet your hand is in each womans placket.

7.

For Doctor *Mumfort*, to your great comfort,
For ought that ever I heard:
You are an honest man, as a Physician can,
For one that hath a red beard.

A Song.

1.

COme, Sweet, and draw the Curtain round,
That we may meet where pleaſures do abound;
Come, throw thine arms about me,
And I will embrace thee,
O thou Myrrour of delight.

2.

Oh it bubbles in my veins,
Caſteth forth ſuch a froth
Worth thy beauties and thy pains;
Where none ſhall ſee but mee,
None ſhall feel but thee:
Leave off whining,
Let's be ſw——
Sweet, agree, agree.

3.

See how th' inviting Balm bedews
Her belly white, that like to ivory shews.
Oh, I cannot hold;
I must and will be bold:
Kiss then, and put out the light,

4.

Oh it comes, it comes amain
Up this lane to my brain,
And distilleth down again:
Fix it there, and let it be
Almost a Tympany.
Leave thy whining;
Night's declining:
Sweet, agree, agree.

A Song.

LOve, I muſt tell thee, I'll no longer be
A Victim to thy beardleſs deity:
Nor ſhall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd,
Be offer'd at thy ſhrine, nor at thine altar burn.
Love, like Religion, 's made an airy name,
To awe thoſe ſouls whom want of wit makes tame:

There's no ſuch thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow;
Nor does Love wound, but we imagine ſo:
Or if it does perplex and grieve the minde,
'Tis the poor maſc'line ſex; women no ſorrow finde:
'Tis not our parts or perſons that can move 'em,
Nor is't mens worth, but wealth, makes women love ('em.
Reaſon, not Love, henceforth ſhall be my guide:
Our fellow-creatures ſha'nt be deifi'd.
I'll now a rebel be, and ſo pull down
The Diſtaff-Hierarchy, or females fancy'd Crown.
In theſe unbridled times, who would not ſtrive
To free his neck from all prerogative?

Cart-

Cartwright's Song of Dalliance; Never printed before.

HEark, my *Flora*; Love doth call us
To that ſtrife that muſt befal us:
He has rob'd his mothers Myrtles,
And hath pull'd her downy Turtles.
See, our genial poſts are crown'd,
And our beds like billows riſe;
Softer combat's nowhere found,
And who loſes, wins the prize.

Let not dark nor ſhadows fright thee;
Thy limbs of luſtre they will light thee:
Fear not any can ſurpriſe us,
Love himſelf doth now diſguiſe us.
From thy waſte thy girdle throw:
Night and darkneſs both dwell here:
Words or actions who can know,
Where there's neither eye nor ear?

Shew

Shew thy bosome, and then hide it;
Disanse touching, and then chide it;
Give a grant, and then forbear it;
Offer something, and forswear it;
Ask where all our shame is gone;
Call us wicked wanton men;
Do as Turtles, kiss and groan;
Say, We ne'er shall meet again.

I can hear thee curse, yet chase thee;
Drink thy tears, yet still embrace thee.
Easie riches is no treasure:
She that's willing, spoils the pleasure.
Love bids learn the restless fight,
Pull and struggle whilst ye twine:
Let me use my force to night,
The next conquest shall be thine.

NARCISSUS.

A Song.

1.

AS I was walking I cannot tell how,
Nor I cannot tell whither nor where;
I met with a crew of I cannot tell who,
Nor I cannot tell what they were:
But Virgins I think; for they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

2.

They sung a fine Song, of I cannot tell what,
Nor whether in Verse or Prose:
Nor knew I the meaning, although they all sate
Even as it were under my nose.
But ever and anon they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

3.

There came in a Lad from I cannot tell whence,
With I cannot tell what in his hand:
It was a live thing that had little ſenſe;
But yet it could luſtily ſtand.
Then louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

4.

Some ſhak'd it, ſome ſtroak'd it, ſome kiſs'd it, 'tis (ſaid,
It look'd ſo lovely indeed:
All hug'd it as honey, and none were afraid,
Becauſe of their bodily need.
And louder theſe Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

5.

At length he did put in this pretty fine Toy
In I cannot tell where below;
Into one of the Ladies, but I cannot tell why
Nor wherefore it ſhould be ſo.
But in the mean time they all cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

6.

But when theſe Ladies had ſported all night,
And riſl'd Dame Nature's ſtore;
And tired themſelves in *Venus* delight,
That they could hardly do more:
Yet louder theſe Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

7.

This Lad being tired, began to retreat,
And hung down his head like a flower:
The Ladies the more did desire the seat,
But alas 'twas out of his power.
Then louder and louder they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

8.

I then did return I cannot tell how,
Nor what was in my minde:
Nor what else I heard, I know not, I vow,
Nor saw I: for *Cupid* is blinde:
But that these Ladies still cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

A Speech.

You may suppose he hath made his leg, and then he speaks.

TO you, grave Speakers, and the rest beside,
Grace from above, and peace be multiplide.
What do you lack? Petitions we have
One worth the notice, plentifully frought (brought
With Characters of understanding hands,
Whose Consciences are all at your commands.
What though some could not write? yet I dare promise
They 've made a *G.* for *John*, an *L.* for *Thomas*.
As for my self, their Fore-man, and their Speaker,
I would not now be taken for a Sneaker.
If I my place and dignity may rent, I
Am one of th' honourable four and twenty.
'T is known, I stroak my beard, and wear my gown
So understandingly, that all the Town

Admire my gravity: and here 's my brother
W--- for all the world just such another:
But he, I fear, did long since change his name,
Because there is a Bishop wears the same.
That Antichristian Calling 't is that grieves us,
From whom we beg your goodness to relieve us:
For since these are the great Abomination
Of Frogs and Locusts in the *Revelation*,
Sound each of these, you'll finde a Pope in's belly,
As plain as you may smell a T. from Jelly.
This —— Cause hath made us raise an Army
Of Supplicants, whose troops I hope will charm ye
To yeeld your helps; and 't is a pious work,
To bring the English to the Scotish Kirk.
Or now, or never, lend your aids, to twist
Out of their throats these Imps of Antichrist.
It glads my heart, to think our sage advice
Hath stickled first, to break this holy Ice.
Observe as well the Leaders, as Retinue;
And if you have or wit or judgement in you,
You can conceive no less, but that the Prelats
Must have a knock from us true Scotish Zealots.
For my particular, the chief combiner,
I am, if 't please your Worships, the Refiner;
And hope you 'll not condemn me for a Widgeon,
Who took upon me to refine Religion.
My brother Alderman he trades in Drugs,
And can assure you that there's Romish Bugs
Trick'd up in Rockets: and such odde devices
Smell very strongly of Italian spices.

Ghess at our troops, when we that go before um
May for our understandings be o'th' *Quorum*.
The first that march i' th' Vanguard of Complainers
Are Shoo-makers, stil'd otherwise Cordwainers;
Who albeit but of indiff'rent fashion,
Yet sure they 're men of upright conversation:
May they have liberty, they'll tell you plain,
They hold the Bishops Papishes in grain.
There 's ne'er a man in all this zealous bunch,
But fain would have their Lordships feel his punch:
However matters heretofore have past,
They hope Religion will tread right at last.
The next Subscribers to this learn'd Epistle,
Though low, yet, they are yeomen of the Bristle,
Coblers inspir'd, a crew that daily mends,
And hope, ere long, to bring about their ends:
They 'll have (nor will their zeal one ace be 'bated)
The Prelats underlaid, or else translated.
Next the report proclaim them all deceivers,
We have a band of honest-handed Weavers:
Nor can you deem them Shuttle-headed fellows,
Who for the Law are so exceeding zealous:
They from the bottom of their hearts defie
The massie Beams that blinde the Churches eye.
And those whom you see standing three and three,
Go strait at heart, though bending at the knee;
They 're Jaylors all, who swear 'tis not their pleasure
The Church should be tormented with hard measure:
Their knuckles shew you what a mighty Itch
They have to gather up the Clergie stitch.

I need not tell you who these are that follow;
The nose informs you that they smell of tallow:
And Chandlers though they be, they're quick enough
To take such foul indignities in snuff:
They pray that ere the —— be ended,
The blinking Lights o' th' Church may be amended;
And they may Cotton so, that they in peace
Henceforth on Holy-days may melt their grease:
And that you 'll nimble be, they do not doubt it,
Nor cast away too many weeks about it.
Please you to view these following partakers,
The sundry dozens of our two-ear'd Bakers; (head,
'Mongst whom are some that never sprung from Jolt-
Who swear 'tis fit the —— should be new bolted:
Though some sift catalogues and mouldy Rouls
I' th' Prelates cause, they 're but unleven'd souls,
Whose wealth & state (the crust must ne'er be spared)
But by Authority be clipt and pared.
These Rolles you see stick here, like sutty sinners,
Next on the paper, are sharp-pointed Pinners: (less,
They're prickt at heart, that some new bold & dread-
Are not, like their cast ware, bow'd & made headless.
Those joyn'd to these, in this so pious labour,
You may behold a candid Troop of Haber-
Dashers, who just as wise as all the rest,
Do humbly crave the —— may be new drest;
And trust to see the Prelates, those proud limbs
Of Antichrist, cut narrower in the brims.
In brief, the very Porters and the Dray-men
Affirm that all will ne'er be well, till Lay-men

Be joyn'd to th'——. Nay more, the Broom-men
Neceſſity of a Reforming Beeſome, (ſee ſome
To ſweep—— houſe. The Comb-men they determine
The Teeth of Juſtice muſt ſcratch out this Vermine.
Here 's fifteen hundred hands, a goodly number;
Which we could double, but we 're loth to cumber
Our ſelves with all theſe Tinkers, Tanners, Curriers,
Upholſters, Sadlers, Cutlers, Barbers, Furriers,
Fiſhmongers, Painters, Fullers, Dyers, Soap men,
Perfumers, Blackſmiths, Turners, Botchers, Roap-men
And millions more of ſuch good ſouls, all laſt week
Attended on old *Burton*, *Prynne* and *Baſtwick*.
Our Suit 's ſo reaſonable and juſt, we know
You'll quickly yeeld, and never ſay us no.
Firſt, down with—— an ungodly Fry;
You may at leaſure yeeld the reaſon why.
Then fall upon Cathedrals, and their Deans,
That honeſt Courtiers may increaſe their means.
The feat once done, you 'll ſee the minor Clergie
Soon forc'd with eaſe to ſing a doleful Dirge.
Great Livings are not fit for men o' th' Letter;
To weild fine pretty Penſions would be better.
The way of Truth 's all one; nor can we learn
More profit in a —— than in a Barn:
And far more fruitfully do we receive it
From ſome well-tutor'd twenty Nobl'd Levit
Shall mounted on a ſtool demurely utter
Smoothe pleaſing doctrine, ſmoothe as oil or butter,
Then if ſome rough-hewn fellow, not beholding
To our benevolence, ſhall fall a ſcolding

I' th' open ſtreets, and ſaucily inveigh
'Gainſt crimes which are familiar in our way,
And ſuch as we may wink at for our profit,
Nor is it fit that they ſhould tell us of it:
There 's proper liberty indeed: much fitter I
Conceive *Geneva*'s reverent Presbytery;
When ſome of us, whom they may think----builders,
Shall rule the roaſt, and be appointed Elders:
And then if buſie fellows be ſo idle
To talk their wills, we 'll help them to a bridle.

On Tobacco.

1.

WHen I do ſmoak my noſe with a pipe of Tobacco after a feaſt,
Then down let I my noſe, and with paper do wipe mine —— like a beaſt,
It ſo doth pleaſe my mind,
It doth ſo eaſe behinde,
For to wipe,
For to wipe my tewel.
Tobacco 's my delight,
So 't is mine to ſh——
Oh fine ſmack,
Oh brave ſack my jewel.

2.

Tobacco onely can draw the vapours down
from my troubled brain;
And from the bashful Pan vapours rise
'twixt my thighs to my nose again.
Five Pipes I have devour'd,
Five Pans I have deflowr'd
full of fume,
Full of fume down flurting;
And yet I would have more,
And yet I have great store.

3.

Tobacco is a dish for an Earl, for a Lord,
for a Knight, for a Squire:
Than shiting who can wish greater, if you please,
or occasion require?
Tobacco 's a fine thing,
But shiting 's for a King;
for the brains,
For the pains of the belly.
Tobacco who despise?
Then shiting who denies?
None, I think;
Though I stink, I tell ye.

4.

When I puff it through my noſe, I do make
Fly ſuch flakes, I do mock the clouds:
When my arſe to cloſe-ſtool goes, mark how
I rap thunder-claps aloud.
My ſmoak doth dark the ſun,
My raps out-roar a gun:
Oh that fart, how it rattles!
This Pipe more I'll pull,
This Pan I'll ſhite more full:
So good-night,
We will ſhite out the battle.

5.

My noſe, mine arſe, doth blow, doth throw
Firy puffs, counter-buffs from my jaw:
My noſe, mine arſe, or doth blow, or doth throw
Firy puffs, counter-buffs from my maw.
My noſe hath made an end,
Mine arſe and he are friends:
He'll not jeſt;
He'll be kiſt, but in ſpite not:
My noſe will no more puff,
Mine arſe hath ſhit enough:
Give's ſome drink, we ſhall ſtink, if we wipe not.

A Lampoun.

HEre's a Health to good Queen *Mary*,
we 'll have it ere we part;
And to King *Charles* her husband;
I'll pledg't with all my heart.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Mary*,
for whom I 'll spend my heart;
And to the Prince her brother,
and to the Duke of *York*.
Here 's a Health to my Lady Dutchess,
that loves red hair so well;
And to my Lord her husband,
that made her belly swell.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Dorset*,
that rules the Royal twig;
And to my Lord her husband,
and his great Periwig.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Caernarvan*,
that 's a pearl in each mans eye;
And to my Lord her husband,
that can both swear and lye.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Rich*,
that looks so like a Witch;
And to my Lord her husband,
that can't endure the switch.

Here's

Here 's a Health to my Lady *Kent*,
that hath a bounsing C——;
And to my Lord her husband,
that tickl'd my Lady *Hunt*.
Here 's a Health to my Lady of *Newport*,
that can both sing and dance;
And to my Lord her husband,
that 's run away to *France*.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Denby*,
as sweet as Sugar-candy;
And to my Lord her husband,
that little Jack-a-dandy.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Wimbleton*,
but fifteen years of age;
And to my Lord her husband,
that 's jealous of his Page.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Holland*,
of all women the best;
And to my Lord her husband,
that goes so neatly dreſt.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Goring*,
whoſe —— lies a cooling;
And to my Lord her husband,
that got his means by fooling.
Here 's a Health to my Lady *Pembrook*,
And so I 'll end my Song;
And to my Lord her husband,
that never did man wrong.

On a preciſe Woman.

ONe came to Court a wench; ſhe was preciſe,
And by the ſpirit did the fleſh deſpiſe:
One mov'd a ſecret Match betwixt them two;
But ſhe in ſooth and ſadneſs would not do.
He did reply, So ſweet and fair as ſhe,
Made of the ſtuff all other women be,
Ought by the law of woman to be kinde,
And ſhew her ſelf to bear a woman's minde.
Well, Sir, quoth ſhe, you men do ſo prevail,
With cunning ſpeeches, and a pleaſant tale:
'Tis but a folly to be over-nice:
You ſhall; but twenty ſhillings is my price:
If you a brace of Angels will beſtow,
Come ſuch a time, and I am for you. So
He took leave then, and with her husband met;
Told him, by Law he was to pay a debt,
Intreating him to do ſo good a deed
As lend him twenty ſhillings at his need.
Which very readily he did extend;
And th' other willing on his wife to ſpend.
So taking leave of him, he went his ways,
Meeting his Creditor within few days,

And

And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay
The twenty ſhillings which you lent laſt day;
And with your wife, becauſe you were not there,
I left it: pray you with my boldneſs bear.
'T is well, quoth he, I 'm glad I did you pleaſure.'
So coming home, queſtions his wife at leaſure:
I pray, Sweet-heart, was ſuch a man with thee,
To pay two Angels which he had of me?
She bluſh'd, and ſaid he had been there indeed:
But you did ill to lend: husband, take heed;
It is not good to truſt before you try.
Pray lend no more: for it may breed ſome ſtrife,
To have ſuch knaves come home to pay your wife.

The Drunkard's Song.

WHen I go to revel in the night,
The Brewers dogs my brains do bite;
My head is too heavie, and my heels are too light:
And I like my humour well, well;
And I like my humour well.

With *ipſe* he I line my head;
My Hoſteſs 's Cellar is my bed.
The world 's our own when the devil 's dead:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

Then

Then I fall to talking of the Court,
Or about the taking of ſome Fort;
And I ſwear a lye for a true report:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

Now from the Wars I came, I ſwear
How I made a fellow die for fear;
How many I kill'd, that I ne'er came near:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

If my Hoſteſs bids me pay the Score,
I 'll ſtand if I can, and call her Whore;
Or ſtumble and reel out of the door:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

The cape of my Cloak hangs all a one ſide;
My hat-band is loſt, and my hoſe are untide;
My heels on the ground begin for to ſlide:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

Then juſtle with every poſt I meet;
I kick the dunghills about the ſtreet;
I trample the kennels under my feet:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

The Conſtable then I curſe and ban:
He bids me ſtand, if I be a man;
And I tell him he bids me do more then I can:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

If

If I fall to the ground, the Watch-men see;
They ask me if I foxed be:
I tell them 'tis my humility:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

If I chance to juſtle with a Taylors ſtall,
My noſe to the ground doth catch a fall:
We kiſs and be friends, and ſo we part all:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

When I come home, my wife will ſcold;
It is my patience makes her bold;
She 'll rail the more, if I bid her hold:
And I like my humour well, well, &c.

When I go to bed, I loſe my way,
Forgetting where my cloathes I lay:
I call for drink, before it is day:
And I like my humour well, well;
And I like my humour well.

A Pa-

A Shepherd fallen in love.

A Pastoral Song: With the Answer.

Cloris, since thou art fled away,
Amyntas sheep are gone astray;
And all the joys he took to see
His pretty Lambkins follow thee,
They 're gone, they 're gone; and he alway
Sings nothing now, but *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

Th' embroyder'd Scrip he us'd to wear,
Neglected lies, so doth his hair:
His Crook broke, his Dog howling lies,
While he laments with woful cries,
Oh *Cloris*, *Cloris*, I decay,
And forced am to cry, *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

His Oaten Pipe whereon he plays
So oft to his sweet Roundelays,
Is flung away, and not a Swain
Dares sing or pipe within his plain:
'Tis death for any one to say
One word to him, but *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

The

The way wherein her dainty feet
In even measure us'd to meet,
Is broken down; and no content
Came neer *Amyntas* since she went:
For all that ere I heard him say,
Was *Cloris*, *Cloris*, *well-a-day*, *well-a-day*.

On the ground whereon she us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head;
Still breathing forth such pining woes,
That not one blade of grass there grows.
Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, come away,
And hear *Amyntas well-a-day*, *well-a-day*.

The Answer.

Cloris, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas Shepherd's fled away;
And all the joys he wont to spye
I' th' pretty babies of thine eye,
Are gone; and she hath nought to say,
But who can help what *will away*, *will away*?

The Green on which it was her chance
To have her hand first in a dance,
Among the merry Maiden-crue,
Now making her nought but sigh and rue

The time ſhe ere had cauſe to ſay
Ah, who can help what *will away, will away?*

The Lawn with which ſhe wont to deck
And circle in her whiter neck;
Her Apron lies behinde the door;
The ſtrings wo'nt reach now as before:
Which makes her oft cry *well-a-day:*
But who can help what *will away?*

He often ſwore that he would leave me,
Ere of my heart he could bereave me:
But when the Signe was in the tail
He knew poor Maiden-fleſh was frail;
And laughs now I have nought to ſay,
But who can help what *will away?*

But let the blame upon me lie;
I had no heart him to denie:
Had I another Maidenhead,
I'd loſe it ere I went to bed:
For what can all the world more ſay,
Than who can help what *will away?*

A Lampoun.

HEav'ns bleſs King *James* our joy,
And *Charles* his Baby;
Great *George*, our brave Vice-roy,
And his fair Lady;
Old Bedlam *Buckingham*,
And her Lady-keeper:
She looks well to *Huckingham*,
He's the ——ſweeper.
Theſe are they bear the ſway
In Court and City;
And yet few do them love,
The greater 's the pity.

The young Lady Marchioneſs,
And Lady *Fielding*:
Kate for her worth heav'ns bleſs,
Sue for her yielding.
Ned Villers hath a wife,
And ſhe 's a good one:
Butler leads an ill life,
Yet ſhe 's o' th' blood one.

These are they bear the sway
In Court and Citie;
And yet grace in each place,
Else were it pitie.

Cranfield, I 'll make a vow,
He 'll not be partial:
Nan was us'd you know how,
By the Earl Martial.
The Horn of Honour, fool,
She hath exalted.
Tell no tales out of School,
Left thou be palted.
These are they bear the sway
And keep the money;
Which he may better do,
Than his wife 's ——

Old Abbot *Anthony*
Thinks he hath well done,
In leaving Sodomy,
To marry *Sheldon*.
She hath a buttock plump,
Keep but thy T—— whole:
She will hold up the rump
With her black A—— hole.
These are they bear the sway
In Court and City;
Yet next Spring he will sing
The Cuckolds ditty.

Young Viſcount *Fielding* too
He's a good-fellow:
Yet mad *Tom Compton*'s blue
Noſe looketh yellow.
Will: has a better way;
He can endure all:
What need *Tom* care a ſtraw?
Lincoln can cure all.
Theſe are they bear the ſway,
And are moſt buſie:
They will ſup all the cup,
Till their brain 's dizzie.

Young *Compton* might have had
Wives by the dozen;
Yet the fond fool was mad
For *George*'s cozen.
Maxwel ſwore by his ſaul,
He's not be hindred:
They get the Dee'l and all,
That ſwive the kindred.
Theſe are they bear the ſway
All this Iſle over:
There is no greater fool
Then the fond lover.

Kit was almoſt forgot;
Dampert had hid him:
They two were at the pot,
Whilſt *Ray* o'er-rid him:

For all his elbow ſtood
Butchin with Sherry,
Crying thus: Bleed good blood:
Hang wives; be merry.
Theſe are they ſpend the day
In drink and ſwiving:
Gentle *Kit*, learn more wit,
then go a wiving.

The Minſtrel was an aſs,
And liv'd by ſcraping:
His luſtie kindred was
Not worth the japing:
And now in number ſure
They can't come near us,
We are ſo chaſte and pure,
Hell need not fear us.
Theſe are they bear the ſway
Of Court and City;
And yet few love them, though
Greater 's the pity.

Hark how the Waggons crack
With their rich lading:
Doll comes home with her pack;
She's fit for trading.
Phil will no longer ſtay
With her bare baby:
What will the people ſay,
When ſhe's a Lady?

These are they must away;
Who dares deny it?
Will you an Office get,
Thus you must come by it.

A Song.

Cupid, Cupid, makes men stupid;
I'll no more of such boys play:
I delight to sport all night,
and then to change my love next day.

Read the story of *Jove*'s glory,
how the wanton gods above
Caus'd more wonder than is thunder,
with their often change of love.

Custom covers constant Lovers
with a false pretended praise:
Dido di'd in height of pride:
then farewel *Dido* and her Bays.

Mortal eyes are not so wise;
the gods have made mens hearts more faint:
One denying causeth dying:
is not Love a gallant Saint?

Maids

Maids be ſo wiſe, and ſo preciſe,
as not to ſtand ſtill at a ſtay;
But let it go, the thing you know,
and do not ſtay what will away.

Ralph Sleigh.

The Song of the Caps.

THe Wit hath long beholding been
Unto the Cap, to keep it in;
Let now the Wit flie out amain,
With praiſe to quit the Cap again.
The Cap that owns the higheſt part,
Obtain'd that place by due deſert:
For any Cap, whatere it be,
Is ſtill the Signe of ſome Degree.

The Cap doth ſtand, each man can ſhow,
Above a Crown, but Kings below:
The Cap is neerer heav'n than we;
A greater ſigne of Majeſtie:
When off the Cap we chance to take,
Both head and feet obeyſance make.
For any Cap, &c.

The *Monmouth*-cap, the Saylors Thrum,
And that wherein the Saylors come:
The Phyſick Law, the Cap divine,
The ſame that crowns the Muſes nine:
The cap that Fools do countenance;
The goodly cap of Maintenance:
And any Cap, &c.

The Sickly cap, both plain and wrought;
The Fudling cap, however brought:
The quilted, furr'd, the Velvet Sattin,
For which ſo many pates learn Latin;
The Crewel-cap, the Fuſtian pate,
The Periwig, a cap of late:
And any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
On Caſtle-tops their Enſignes rear:
The Saylors with their thrum do ſtand
On higher place than all the land:
The Trades-man's cap aloft is born,
By 'vantage of (ſome ſay) a horn.
Thus any Cap, &c.

The Phyſick's cap to duſt may bring,
Without control, the greateſt King:
The Lawyers cap hath heav'nly might,
To make a crooked cauſe aright;

Which

Which being round and endleſs, knows
To make as endleſs any cauſe.
Thus any Cap, &c.

Both Eaſt and Weſt, and North and South,
Where ere the Goſpel findes a mouth,
The Cap divine doth thither look,
The Square like Scholars and their book:
The reſt are round, but this is ſquare,
To ſhew that they more ſtable are.
Thus any Cap, &c.

The Motley man a cap doth wear,
That makes him fellow for a Peer:
And 't is no ſlender part of wit,
To act a Fool where great men ſit:
But Oh the cap of *London*-town,
I wis 'tis like the Gyants crown.
Thus any Cap, &c.

The Sick-man 's cap, not wrought with ſilk,
Is like repentant, white as milk.
When hats in Church drop off in haſte,
This cap ne'er leaves the head uncas't.
The Sick-mans cap, if wrought, can tell,
Though he be ill, his ſtate is well.
Thus any Cap, &c.

The

The Fudling cap, God *Bacchus* might,
Turns night to day, and day to night:
Yet Spenders it prefers to more,
By seeing double all their store.
The furr'd and quilted cap of age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb sage.
Thus any Cap, &c.

Though Fustian caps be slender wear,
The head is of no better gear:
The Crewel cap is knit like hose,
For them whose zeal takes cold i'th' nose;
Whose purity doth judge it meet
To clothe alike both head and feet.
This Cap would fain, but cannot be
The onely Cap of no Degree.

The Sattin and the Velvet hive,
Unto a Bishoprick doth drive:
Nay, when a File of caps you 're seen in,
A square cap this, and then a linen:
This treble cap may raise some hope
If fortune smile, to be a Pope.
Thus any Cap, &c.

The Periwig, Oh that declares
The rise of flesh, though loss of hairs:

And

And none but Graduats can proceed
In sin so far, till this they need.
Before the Prince none cover'd are,
But those that to themselves go bare.
This Cap, of all the Caps that be
Is now the Signe of high degree.

A Fancie.

WHen mortal beauties sheath their radiant light,
Masking their glory in the clouds of night:
When *Phœbus* tumbles into *Thetis* lap,
After his traveling to take a nap;
Then dares each little star open an eye,
And peep into the world familiarly,
Which in the lustre of the lightsome day,
Doth stand eclips'd by a more splendid ray:
For where the freshest fashion is in place,
The rest look slovenly, and lose their grace:
So where a richer Fortune hath a suit,
Vertue and Merit may and must stand mute.

A Song.

'Tis not my Ladies face that makes me love her,
Though beauty there doth reſt,
Enough t' enflame the breſt
Of thoſe that never did diſcover
The glories of that face before:
But I that have ſeen many more,
See nought in her, but what in others are;
Onely becauſe I think ſhe 's fair, ſhe 's fair.

'T is not her vertues, nor thoſe vaſt perfections
Which eroud together in her,
Engage my heart to win her:
For thoſe are onely brief collections
Of what 's in man in *folio* writ,
Which by their imitating wit,
VVomen like apes and children ſtrive to do:
But we that have the ſubſtance, ſlight the ſhow.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treaſure,
My free-born ſoul can hold:
For chains are chains, though gold;
Nor do I court her for my pleaſure,

Nor

Nor for that old mortality,
Do I love her 'cauſe ſhe loves me;
For that's but onely gratitude; and all
Loves that from Fortune riſe, with Fortune fall.

If either birth or friends created love within me,
Then Princes I'd adore,
And onely ſcorn the poor:
If vertues or good parts could win me,
I'd turn Platonick, and ne'er vex
My ſoul with difference of ſex.
And he that loves his Lady 'cauſe ſhe's fair,
Delights his eye: ſo loves himſelf, not her.

Wit and Diſcretion are to Love High-treaſon:
Nor doth he truely love,
Whoſe flames are not above,
And far beyond his wit and reaſon.
Then ask no reaſon for my fires;
They 're infinite, like my deſires:
Something there is makes me to love; and I
Do know I love, but know not how or why.

A Medly.

I Prethee ſweet *Roſe* pull up thy cloaths,
And let me ſee thy——
Fortune my foe, why didſt thou frown on——
Green ſleeves and Pudding-pies,
And wot you not where——
The Cripple of *Cornwal* ſurnam'd was:
He ſlept under an old hollow——
Barnaby where haſt thou been?
Drunk ore-night, and dry again, in the days of
Old *Simon* the King,
With a thred-bare coat, and a Malmſey noſe,
Sing, Heigh——
For a luſty lively lad,
Heigh for a lad lacks kiſſing;
Heigh for a lad that 's ſeldom ſad:
But when he's dead, and laid in his grave,
The paſſengers by will ſay, There was——
A jovial Turk dwelt in the town of *Turvey*;
And he could tune a kettle well, but his humour
was ſcurvy:
Still did he cry, Tara tink, tara tink boys;
Room for Cuckolds, here comes——
As pretty a Nymph as I have ſeen;
Her age was not above fifteen:

For

For grief of heart complained she,
I slept not since the Conquest.

A Song.

When *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cause. The cause, quoth she,
Is, I have vow'd Virginity.
Then *Phœbus* raging, swore, and said,
'Bove fifteen none should die a maid.
If maidens then perchance are sped,
Ere they can scarcely dress their head;
Yet pardon them, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
And better 'tis a childe were born,
Than that a god should be forsworn.
Yet silly they, when all is done,
Complain, our wits their hearts have won;
When 'tis for fear that they should be
With *Daphne* turn'd into a tree:
And who would so her self abuse,
To be a tree, if she could chuse?

A Lampoun.

1.

Thimble's wife is fair,
Wherefore he vows to sting her;
And ever when they toy, she cries,
Oh *Thimble*, you wring my finger.

2.

Moor's wife is chaste,
Which makes all men to wonder:
The reason is, that *Moor* himself
Doth always keep her under.

3.

Bell's wife is good metal,
Besides, she's very dapper:
And when the peal is rung, she cries,
O *Bell*, how fares your clapper?

4.

Lichfield's wife is lustful,
And given to excess,
Because she is a Printers wife,
And loves to be in Press.

5. *Crosses*

5.

Croſſe 's wife is ugly;
Beſides, ſhe 's very common:
Which makes him to lament,
No croſs is like a woman.

6.

Hack 's wife is unknown,
Becauſe he lives unwed;
Yet hath work enough to ſaw the horns
He gets on *Herbert* 's head.

A Charm.

SLeep, old man; let ſilence charm thee:
Dreaming ſlumbers overtake thee:
Quiet thoughts and darkneſs arm thee:
Let no creaking door awake thee.

Phœbus hath put out his light,
All his ſhadows cloſing:
Phœbe lends her horns to night,
To thy heads diſpoſing.

Let no fatal Bell nor Clock
Pierce the hollow of thine ear:
Tongueleſs be the early Cock,
Or what elſe may make a fear.

Let no Rat nor ſilly Mouſe
Along theſe benches ruſhing;
Nor a Cough diſturb this houſe,
Till *Aurora*'s bluſhing.

Come, my ſweet *Corinna*, come;
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring:
Sable midnight makes all dumb,
But thy jealous husbands ſnoring.

And with thy ſweet perfumed kiſſes
Entertain a ſtranger:
Love, delight, and ſweeteſt bliſs is
Got with greateſt danger.

The Mercury.

COme buy my new Almanacks every one,
And take the choice before they are gone,
One thouſand ſix hundred fourty one:
Come buy my new Almanacks, new.

The Puritan hath got his lock;
Babylon's Whore 's ſtript of her ſmock,
And you may ſee what 't is a clock:
Come buy, &c.

The Spring will windy be, and blow;
Autumn full of hail and ſnow:
Such ſtorms as theſe you ne'er did know.
Come buy, &c.

The Sun we finde Eclips'd will be,
By S. by M. by P. and by G.
Such diſtempers as theſe you ne'er did ſee:
Come buy, &c.

The Moon alſo will have another,
By *Mars*, or by ſome ſuch——brother:
Heav'ns bleſs the one, and blaſt the other.
Come buy, &c.

Be 't he or ſhe, be 't *hic* or *hæc*;
He that hath had a ——— check;
Let him beware; the ſign 's i' th' neck.
Come buy, &c.

Time will give, that you ſhall ſee,
All will be ferk'd that learned be,
Or ne'er truſt my Aſtrologie.
Come buy, &c.

The Planets do begin to jar
Amongſt themſelves, that fixed are:
Mercury proves the falling ſtar.
Come buy, &c.

This Summer will be hot and dry;
Men will faint, fall down, and die:
You may know how, but never why.
Come buy, &c.

Pick out the beſt of all my ſtore:
He that writ this, ne'er writ before;
And if this ſell not, he'll never write more.
Come buy, &c.

The

The Tub-Preacher.

With face and fashion to be known;
With eyes all white, and many a groan;
With neck awry, and drawing tone;
With harp in's nose, or he is none:
'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh the town, the towns new teacher.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week;
With paltry text as man can speak;
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek:
To finde out words, when stuff 's to seek;
'Tis a new, &c.

With hair cut shorter than the brow;
With little Ruff starch'd you know how;
With cloak, like *Paul*; no coat, I trow:
With Surplice none, till lately now:
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
'Tis a new, &c.

With Shopboard-breeding and intrusion;
With some outlandish institution;

With Systems Method for confusion,
With *Ursin*'s Catechism to curse on,
With strong-laid groans for meer illusion.
'Tis a new, &c.

With threats of absolute damnation,
With certainty of some salvation
To his own Tribe, not every Nation;
And with some Use of Consolation.
'Tis a new, &c.

With troops expecting him at the door,
To hear a Sermon, and no more;
And with new sighs of them great store,
And with great Bibles to turn ore,
Whilst he writes Notes upon the score:
'Tis a new, &c.

With flesh-provision for the Lent,
With sheets of Sweet-meats oft-times spent,
Which young maids brought, old Ladies sent,
Yet of this Legacie sure event.
'Tis a new, &c.

With new-wrought caps against the Canon,
For catching cold, tho' sure he ha' none,
And with new Pulpit-cloth to lean on,
And with new hour, when glass is run on,
New points, new notes, new nought to stand on.
'Tis a new, &c.

The

The Impartial Doom.

BLinde Fortune, if thou wantſt a guide,
I'll tell thee how thou may'ſt divide,
And diſtribute to each their due:
Juſtice is blinde, as well as you.

To th' Uſurer this doom impart:
May 's Scrivener break, and then his heart:
May's debters into Begg'ry fall,
Or what 's as bad, turn Courtiers all.

To Trades-men that do ſell too dear,
A long Vacation all the year:
Revenge us thus on their deceits,
And ſend 'em wives light as their weights.

But Fortune, how wilt thou recompence
The French-mens daily inſolence?
For them I know no greater pain,
Then to be ſent to *France* again.

Left the Players ſhould grow poor,
Send them *Aglaura*'s more and more;
And to the Puritan more ears
Then *Ceres* in her Garland wears.

The Phyſitians, if thou pleaſe,
Send them another new Diſeaſe:
To Scholars give, if thou canſt do't,
A Benefice without a Suit.

To Court-Lords grant Monopoly;
But to their wives, Community:
So Fortune thou ſhalt pleaſe them all,
If Lords do riſe, and Ladies fall.

To the Lawyers I beſeech
As much for ſilence as for ſpeech:
To Ladies Uſhers, ſtrength of back;
And to my ſelf, a cup of Sack.

The Cuckold's Pedigree.

WHat 's a Cuckold, learn of me;
I can tell his Pedigree,
And his subtil nature conster:
He lives a man, yet dies a monster.
Yet old Antiquaries say,
He 's sprung from old *Methusala*,
Who after *Noah*'s flood was found
To have his head with branches crown'd.
God in *Eden*'s happie shade,
Never such a creature made.
Then to be sure, and without all mistaking,
Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Cuckolds are of womens (making.

The Curse.

THou who the native ſtink t' expel
Of thy —— belyſt the ſmell;
Before the rank and luſcious ſteam
VVho preſer'ſt — the ſweet extream,
VVith Eſſences Civet, Musk betmear'd;
Mayſt thou be wholeſom, and yet fear'd:
Hot as the Dog-days mayſt thou burn,
Yet none ſo mad to ſerve thy turn:
Not a French-man in the Citie,
Not a Stallion left to fit ye:
Not a Dildo in the town,
Though thou 'dſt pawn thy ſelf to th' Gown
For the Prodigie that can
To thy luſt ſupply a man.
Perpetual froſts in thy hands dwell,
In thy —— perpetual hell:
To frig thy ſelf be all on fire,
Yet want the pow'r to that deſire.
That another may not do
VVhat thy ſelf 's diſabled to;

Be

Be all thy acquaintance cold as North,
When *Pisces* frost dispenseth forth.
Now to adde unto thy Curse,
Hear and have what is far worse:
Free from the act, have a repute
Of a most noted prostitute;
Though thou art honest 'gainst thy will:
All pleasures want, but not one ill.
P—— on those false —— give me
Lesbia's commoditie;
Hers, your nose will half way meet,
Putting down *Fish* quite, or *Thames*-street:
Fulsom as a Tanners pit;
No Red-Herring smells like it.
Sents that come from the Exchange,
As unpleasant are, as strange.
Whose ——'s perfum'd, 'tis none of hers,
But her dapper Milleners.

Enco-

Encomium of Tobacco.

TObacco 's a Muſician,
And in a Pipe delighteth:
It deſcends in a cloſe,
Through the organ of the noſe,
With a relliſh that inviteth.
This makes me ſing, So-ho ho, ſo-ho-ho boys,
Ho boys ſound I loudly:
Earth ne'er did breed ſuch a Jovial weed,
Whereof to boaſt ſo proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer;
His Pipes do love long Caſes:
When our brains it enters,
Our feet do make Indentures,
Which we ſeal with ſtamping paces.
This makes, &c.

Tobacco 's a Phyſitian,
Good both for ſound and ſickly:
'Tis a hot Perfume,
That expells cold Rheum,
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes, &c.

Tobacco

Tobacco is a traveller,
Come from the Indies hither;
It paſs'd ſea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And ſcap'd the winde and weather.
This makes, &c.

Tobacco is a Critick,
That ſtill old paper turneth;
Whoſe labour and care
Is as ſmoak in the air,
That aſcends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes, &c.

Tobacco's an *Ignis fatuus*,
A fat and firy vapour,
That leads men about,
Till the fire be out,
Conſuming like a taper.
This makes, &c.

Tobacco is a Whiffler,
And cries, Huff, ſnuff. with fury:
His Pipes, his Club and Link,
And Vizor too, when he doth drink:
Thus arm'd, I fear not a Jury.
This makes, &c.

A Song.

STay, ſhut the gate;
I'other quart, ſince 'tis not ſo late
As your thinking:
The ſtars that you ſee
In the Hemiſphere be,
Are the ſtuds in your cheeks
By your drinking.
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea, boys;
To morrow he'll bluſh that he's paler then we boys:
Give us wine, give him water; 't is Sack makes us the (boys.

Fill up the Glaſs;
To the next merry lad let it paſs;
Come away w' it:
Come ſet foot to foot,
And give your mindes to 't;
Th' are heretical Sixes
That ſlay wit.
No *Helicon* like to the juyce of the wine is:
For *Phœbus* had never had wit nor divineneſs,
Had his face not been budded as thine is and mine is.

Drink off your Bowls,
We 'll enrich both our heads and our ſouls
With Canary.

A Carbuncle face
Saves a tedious race:
For the Indies about
Us we carry.
Then hang up good faces; let's drink till our noses
Give freedom to speak what our fancie disposes,
Beneath whose protection now under the Rose is.

This must go round:
D'off your caps, till the pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers.
A Red-coated face
Frights a Serjeant and his Mace,
And a Constable trembles
To shivers.
In state march our faces like those of the *Quorum*,
When the whores do fall, and the vulgar adore um.
And their noses like Link-boys run shining before um

Call honest *Will*;
Hang a long and tedious Bill:
It disgraces
Those Rubies that appear:
You safely may swear
The reckoning 's right
By our faces.
Let the Bar-boys go sleep & the Drawer leav roaring;
Our looks can account without them, had we more in,
When each pimple that rises will save a quart scoring.

Againſt Demur in Marriage.

PRethee friend leave off thy fooling,
And at laſt reſolve to do
VVhat Loves pleaſures never cooling,
Love and beauty prompt thee to.
Venus cares not for good-will,
But would have thee doing ſtill.

Do but view that maid of Mettle,
How the roſe ſmiles on her cheek;
The flow'r 's defended by the nettle,
And the roſe deſerves a prick.
Crop it then before it wither:
Youth and Love decay together.

Call thy ſpirits up, and make her
Great as ever ſhe can hold:
Leave her quite, or quickly take her;
Be thou either hot or cold.
Love and Religion both agree,
Luke-warm's as bad as he or ſhe.

Delays

Delays in drinking ſpoil good Claret;
Demurs make ſick the maidenhead:
Sipping either doth but mar it;
Neither pleaſeth, if once dead.
Take her then; no longer dally:
Worſe then death is Shally, ſhally.

Courage, man, to't; touch and take her:
Maids by hopes are oft beguil'd:
Dallying, big will hardly make her;
Kiſſes never got a childe.
Take her then, and leave thy wooing:
Meaning's not ſo good as doing.

A Song.

THere was a Country-laſs,
An Amazon by ſtature;
She ſate upon the graſs
To do the deeds of Nature
With her A——.

Her back and knee ſhe bow'd,
Making moſt hideous faces:
Her guts do croak aloud,
And for to eaſe their caſes
She hard did croud.

Now mark ye what fell out,
A ſtrange deformed creature,
Twelve inches round about,
And of a nut-brown feature,
W'ch a ſnout.

About this T—— there ſtuck
Many a broken plum,
All fritter'd with a fart
Which came out of her bum,
And made it ſmart.

It ſeem'd unto mine eye
As if the compoſition
Had been Roſt-Beef and Pie;
Which made the diſpoſition
Hot and dry.

The water that ſhe made,
It cauſed ſuch a ſwidge;
That no man could invade
The t—— without a bridge,
Or elſe muſt wade.

An Answer to *Full fourty times over.*

HE is a fond lover that doateth on scorn,
Who Fortune's neglects hath patiently born;
He's proud of abuses, if ere he return
To prove a fond Lover;
His wit he'll discover,
By striving to win
A fort, where old forces neglected have bin.

For when a fort we defend from the foe,
We traytors imprison; they ne'er come below;
And her fort is defended by answering, No.
If that will not do it,
Disdain added to it,
Your weapon will fall;
Although you approach, you'll not enter at all.

They are Lady-birds sure, these lovers intend,
Which cannot with wit such a fortress defend,
Whilst *Hectors* their Squibs and their Crackers do spend;
And vainly come after,
To conquer with laughter:
For she hath no wit,
That spends all her fire in the smoak to be hit.

Where a fort hath no ſtrength but ſuch as is made
By pride and by ſtate, ſuch a foe may invade;
For theſe are defences for thoſe of the trade.
You men are ſo witty,
Works guard not our city;
But forces within,
With which we maintain 't, tho the out-works you win.
Theſe warriors at laſt with our weapons will fight;
And if we are they'll come in the night:
But alas they're denied, our vertues are bright:
For ſhe that loves honour,
No parley ere won her
To yield up her pow'r,
For a few flatt'ring words, and the ſport of an hour.

A Catch.

I Met with *Joan* of *Kent*;
I laid her on the bed,
And there I got her maidenhead,
And ſhe was well content.

The

The Cloak's Answer to the Poet's Farewel.

MAster, if I may do you no wrong,
Since we have been companions so long,
Let 's not now part : can friends love too long ?

I was your friend in Thirty, though ;
But now, how proud you Poets grow :
Was 't so in *Noah*'s days ? Ah no !

For they in times far pas'd from hence,
With oaken leaves their backs did fence ;
Which made them love that tree ere since.

As for the Muses, I wo'nt flatter,
They to their breeches ne'er had tatter ;
Which made them always live i' th' water.

But you that have a cloak to hide
What want makes them shew, why d'ye chide ?
Troth 'tis a strange forgetful pride.

Sir, you do tax me of a high fault;
But if I'm thredbare, is that my fault?
No, Sir; for I will prove 'twas thy fault.

Firſt, you me laid in bed full cloſe, Sir;
But Coverlid was ſo ſhort, you know, Sir,
You ſcratch'd my wool off with your toes, Sir.

VVhen you, poor ſon of *Polyhimnie*,
Drank muddy ale in durty chimnie,
Your Landlady ſhe ſpoke full grim nie:

Come, Sir, your Cloak, or I'll arreſt ye:
Then quoth I, VVoman, are you ſo teſty?
Here, take me off: and ſo relas'd ye.

But now, for lightneſs you would fain
Divorce me, and a new one gain,
High heav'n knows how: but 'tis in vain.

Poor men muſt wear poor cloaks, you know:
The Devil told the Collier ſo,
VVhen he ſaid, *Like to like will go.*

My thinneſs makes you fear the Box,
VVhere durty maid with Flint-ſtone knocks:
But Maſter, have not you the Pox?

For

For *Deianira*, that Gilflurt,
Gave *Jovis* son such a deviliſh hurt,
As burnt not onely him, but 's shirt.

She got it from the Centaur *Neſſus*:
It was a cruel burn, God bleſs us:
Alas poor Cloak, how that would dreſs us!

What if I'm thin, you need not jeer, Sir:
You know when Serjeant cries, D' ye hear, Sir?
A thin cloak you may quickly tear, Sir.

Then was not he a *John-an-oak*
Who open'd his mouth when that he ſpoke,
And made a Love-back of your cloak?

Some call'd me Fiction, though but few did:
I think the men were mad or ſtupid,
Or elſe they were as blinde as *Cupid*.

Yet we read of one had ſuch a thin ſhroud
In heav'n (men were not then ſo proud)
That Poets ſaid he was wrapt in a cloud.

This Heroe he was hight *Ixion*;
Perhaps he had no money to buy one;
Yet ventur'd he *Joves* bed to lie on.

For he in thredbare cloak loy'd *Juno*,
And *Juno* him, for ought that you know;
Though I confess I care not to know.

Though I am ca, you do protest
You walk in *Cuerpo* when y' are dress't:
Master, that's but a thredbare jest.

Then a brother in zeal came with his ditty:
But if he were hang'd, 'twere no great pity:
For how a devil came he so witty?

For Scholar that talked of *Arachne*,
Alas, his brains were lean as hackney:
The poor man spoke when there was no Sack nigh.

For him that took me for a Cobweb,
(This verse wants rhyme, though not the next)
I would the knave were in Mount *Horeb*.

Thus as poor cloaks they jeering sit,
The name of Taylors would them fit,
Because 'tis but a Prickloufe-wit.

The Clerks in *Blackwel*-Hall, in brief,
With sculls of Saracens eat Beef:
Master, doth this provoke your grief?

Will

Will you, to have a pendent haunch,
Or a greasie prominent paunch,
Basely forsake the Olive-branch?

Once more together let's agree:
Master, these are best times for me:
Thin cloaks are naught for knavery.

Now O that some good mortal would
Make me an Epitaph as well as he could;
Verily, verily, I thank him would.

On hedge now I hang, the more's the pity
That one did make my Master so witty:
His wits are gone into the city;

As he doth say, more wool to borrow:
Perhaps he'll have it to day or to morrow;
Perhaps he wo'nt, the more 's his sorrow.

Master, adieu, poorer then *Condi*;
Your bare breech, Sir, may want me one day:
Sic transit, transit, gloria mundi.

The

The Clowns Song.

THe Courtier scorns us Country-Clowns,
We Country-Clowns do scorn the Court:
We can be as merry upon the Downs,
As you at midnight with all your sport:
With a fadding, with a fadding.

You hawk, you hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
You eat, you drink, the Lord knows how:
We sit upon hillocks, and pick upon Sallets,
And sup up our Sillibubs under a cow:
With a fadding, with a fadding.

Your Suits are made of Silks and Sattins,
And ours are made of good Sheeps-gray:
You mix your discourses with pieces of Latin,
We speak our old English as well as we may:
With a fadding, with a fadding.

Your Masks are made of Knights and Lords,
And Ladies that be fresh and gay:
We dance with such musick as Bag-pipe affords,
And trick up our Lasses as well as we may:
With a fadding, with a fadding.

Your

Your Rooms are behung with cloth of Arras,
Our Meadows are deck'd as fresh as may be:
And from our Pastime you never shall bar us,
Since *Joan* in the dark 's as good as my Lady:
With a fadding, with a fadding.

The Gelding of the Devil.

A Merry Jest I will you tell,
Of the gelding of the Devil of hell;
And of the Baker of *Mansfield*-town,
To *Manchester*-market as he was bound:
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
The Baker was singing with lusty chear;
Beyond the willows there was a well,
And there he met with the Devil of hell.

Oh, quoth the Devil, how chanceth that
Thy Horse he is so fair and fat?
Good Sir, quoth the Baker, by my fay,
'Cause both his stones are cut away;
For he that is a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty will he be.
Oh, quoth the Devil, and sayst thou me so?
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.

The

The Baker had a knife of iron and ſteel,
Wherewith he gelded the devil of hell:
'T was ſharp, and pointed for the nonce,
And for to carve all manner of ſtones.
The Baker he lighted from off his horſe,
And cut the devil's ſtones clear from 's arſe:
Oh, quoth the devil, beſhrew thy heart;
Thou doſt not feel how I do ſmart.

For gelding of me thou art not quit;
I mean to geld thee the ſame day ſennit.
The Baker hearing the words he ſaid,
In his heart was ſore afraid:
He hy'd him unto the next Market-town,
To ſell his bread both white and brown;
And when the Market was done that day,
The Baker rode home another way;

And told his wife how all befel,
How he had gelded the devil of hell.
Wondrous words, quoth he, I heard him ſay,
He would geld me the next Market-day:
Therefore, ſaid the Baker, I ſtand in doubt.
Uds bobs, I'd rather the knaves eyes were out:
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt break thy neck-bone,
Than for to loſe any manner of ſtone.

For why? it is a loathſom thing;
And every woman will call thee Gelding.

Thus

Thus they remained both in fear,
Until the Market-day drew neer.
Then quoth the Goodwife, Well I wot,
Go fetch me thy doublet and thy coat,
Thy hose, and thy shoon, and thy cap also,
And I like a man to the Market will go.

Then forth she hy'd her all in haste,
With her bread upon her beast:
And when she came unto the hill's side,
There she saw two devils abide;
A little devil, and another,
Were playing as if th' had been sister and brother:
Oh, quoth the great devil, without fain,
Yonder's the Baker; go call him again.

But be thou weal, Baker, or be thou wo,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go.
But these were the words the woman did say;
Good Sir, I was gelt but yesterday.
Oh, quoth the devil, and that I will see:
And he pull'd her hose beneath her knee;
And looking upwards from the ground,
There he spy'd a most grievous wound.

Oh, quoth the devil, now I see
He was nothing cunning that gelded thee:
For when he had cut off thy stones clean,
He should have sow'd up the holes again.

He call'd the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that same man,
While he did go to some private place
To get some salve in a little space.

The Devil was no sooner gone his way,
But upon her belly there crep't a flea:
The little Devil soon espied that,
He up with his paw, and gave it a pat:
The woman for fear began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible fart.
Hoop, hoop, quoth the little devil; come again, I say,
Here's another hole broke hard by, by my fay.

Baker, quoth the devil, thou canst not be sound,
That smelleſt so sore above the ground:
Thy life and days it cannot be long,
Thy breath'st favours so horrible strong:
The hole is broke so near the bone,
There will no salve well stick upon:
Therefore, Baker, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

Charin

Charing Cross.

UNdone, undone, you Lawyers are,
That wander about the Town,
And can't finde the way to *Westminster*,
Now *Charing*-Cross is down:
At the end of the Strand they make a ſtand,
Swearing they 're at a loſs;
And chafing, ſay, That 's not the way;
They muſt go by *Charing-Croſs*.

The Committees they ſaid, Verily
To Pop'ry it was bent.
For ought I know, it might be ſo:
To Church it never went.
What with —— and other Laws,
The Kingdom doth begin
To think you 'll leave them ne'er a Croſs
Without doors nor within.

For neither man, woman nor childe,
Can say, I 'm confident,
That ere they heard it speak a word
Against the Parliament.
'T had Letters about it found, some say,
Or else it had been freed:
'Fore *George*, I'll take my oath of it,
'T could neither write nor read.

The Maids Portion.

1.

NOw all my friends are dead and gone,
Alas, what shall betide me?
For I poore maid am left alone,
Without a house to hide me:
Yet still Ile be of merry cheer,
And have kind welcome every where,
Though I have but a Mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

2.

I scorn to think of Poverty,
Or want of food or clothing,
Ile be maintained gallantly,
And all my life want nothing;
A frolique minde Ile alwayes beare,
My poverty shall not appeare,
Though I have but, &c.

3.

Though I am but a filly wench
Of Country Education,
Yet I am woo'd by Dutch and French,
And almoſt every nation.
Both Spaniards and *Italians* ſweare,
That with their hearts they love me deare,
Yet I have but a Mark a yeare
And that my mother, &c.

4.

The Welch, the Iriſh and the Scot,
Since I came to the City,
In love to me are wondrous hot,
They tell me I am Pretty:
Therefore to live I will not feare,
For I am ſought both farre and neare,
Yet I have but, &c.

5.

This *London* is a gallant place
To raiſe a Laſſes fortune,
For I that came of ſimple race,
Brave roarers doe importune
I little thought in *Dorcheſter*,
To find ſuch high preferment here,
For I have but a Mark a yeare
Which my good mother, &c.

6.

One gives to me perfumed Gloves
The best that he can buy me,
Live where I will I have the loves
Of all that doe live nigh me
If any new toyes I will weare,
Ile have them, coft they ne're so dear.
Though I have but, &c.

7.

My fashion with the Moone I change
As though I were a Lady,
All quaint conceits both new and strange,
Ile have as soon as may be:
Your Courtly Ladyes I can jeere,
In cloath, but few to me come neere,
Yet I have but, &c.

8.

French Gowns with sleeves like pudding bagge
I have at my requesting,
Now I forget my Country raggs,
And scorn such plaine investing
My old acquaintance I cashcere,
And of my kin I hate to hear,
Though I have but, &c.

9.

My petticoats of Scarlet brave,
Of Velvet, Silk and Sattin,
Some Students of my love do crave,
That speak both Greek and Latin:
The Soldiers for me dommeere,
And put the reſt into great feare.
All this is for a mark a year,
And that my mother, &c.

10.

The Preciſian ſincerely vowes,
And doth proteſt he loves me,
He tires me out with *yea's* and *no's*,
And to impatience moves me:
Although an oath he will not ſweare,
To lye at no time he doth fearre.
All this is for a mark a year,
And that my mother, &c.

11.

My Coach drawn with four Flanders Mares,
Each day attend my pleaſure,
The Water-men will leave their fares
To wait upon my leiſure.
Two Lacqueys labour every where,
And at my word run here and there.
Though I have but, &c.

Now

12.

Now if my friends were living ſtill,
I would them all abandon,
Though I confeſſe they lov'd me well,
Yet I ſo like of *London*,
That farewell Dad and Mammy dear,
And all my friends in *Dorcetſhire*,
I live well with a mark a yeare,
And that my mother, &c.

13.

I would my ſiſter *Sus* at home
Knew how I live in faſhion,
That ſhe might up to *London* come,
And learn this Occupation,
For I live like a Lady here,
I weare good clothes, and eat good cheare,
Yet I have but, &c.

14.

Now bleſſed be that happy day,
That I came to the Citey,
And for the Carrier will I pray,
Before I end my Ditty,
You maidens that this Ditty heare,
Though means be ſhort, yet never feare:
For I live with a mark a year,
Which my old mother gave me,

VVat's *A la mort.*

1.

IF mourn I may in time so glad,
Or mingle joyes with dirty sad.
Lend your eares, lend *Wat* your eyes,
And look you where she rombed lies;
Two simple feet, alas, containes
The last which late oer Downs and Plaines,
Made Horse, and Hound, and Horn to blow,
Why Wat, *where art? So ho, so ho.*

2.

Where is this view and cunning sent,
Which so much blood and breath hath spent?
This subtile traines thy Courses strong,
Thy Capers high, thy Dances long,
Thy envious leanness, and thy Muse,
As perfect as a Maidens Scuce,
Thy traill in snow, like widdowes weed,
Why Wat, *&c.*

3.

Oh! where is now thy flight so fleet,
Thy jealous brow, thy nimble feet,
Thy magick frisks, thy Circles round,
Thy Jugling feats, to mock the hound?
Who sees thee now in covert creep,
To sit and hark, or stand and weep,
Or coole thy foot to foyle thy foe?
Why Wat, &c.

4.

Why didst thou not then flye this fate,
And from this forme thrust forth thy Mate,
As some good Wife when Death's at dore
Shee'l thrust her good Man forth before?
Why didst thou not this doome to scape?
Upon thee take some Wizards shape,
Or shrowd thy selfe in Cottage low.
Why Wat, &c.

5.

But should we think *Wat* was more wise,
Then *Fowlers* noise, or *Foundells* cries,
Or *Ladies lips*, since *Wat* alone,
Must needs by many be orethrown?
Yet as I mourn, thy life so short,
So will I sing thy royall sport,
And guiltlesse game of all I know.
Why Wat, &c.

6.

O sad, the fair young son of myrrh,
Forsook the boar and follow'd her,
Or had *Action* hunted *Wat*,
When he saw *Dyna's*, you know what;
Or had the young man lov'd this life,
Who slew for Deer, his dearest wife.
They all had known no other wo,
Save Wat *where art? Ja ko so ho.*

A Queſtion.

WHy are women ſaid their husbands to deceive,
Since the keyes of their wickets with their husbands they leave?

The Anſwer is made to this Queſtion ſo put,
That that doore which will open by chance, will not ſhut.

The Game at Shittle-cock.

MY Miſtreſs is a Shittle-cock,
compos'd of cork and feather,
Each battledore playes with her dock,
and beats upon her leather.
When one will not ſuffice her will,
She flies unto another ſtill.

On

On the Beard.

THe beard thick or thin,
On the lip or the chin,
Doth dwell ſo near the tongue,
That her ſilence
In the beard's defence,
Would doe her neighbour wrong.

Now a beard is a thing
That commands in a King,
Be his Scepter nere ſo faire.
When it beares ſway
The people obey,
And are ruled to a haire.

'Tis a Princely ſight
And a great delight,
That adorns both young and old.
A well thatch'd face
Is a comely grace,
And a ſhelter from the cold.

When

When the piercing North
Comes fiercely forth,
Let the barren face beware.
For a trick it will finde
With a razor of winde,
To shave the cheek that is bare.

But there's many nice
And strange device,
That doth the beard disgrace,
But he that brings in
Such a foolish thing,
Is a traytor to his face.

But of beards there be
Such a company,
Of fashions such a throng.
That it is very hard
To handle the beard,
Though it be nere so long.

The Roman T
In its bravery,
Doth first its self disclose.
But so high it turns
Many times that it burns,
With the flames of a torrid nose.

The picked beard,
Is makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath;
For he that doth place
A dagger in his face,
What doth he in his sheath?

But methinks I do itch
To go thorough stitch,
And the needle beard to mend,
Which without any wrong,
I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.

The Soldier's beard
Doth march in the heard,
In figure like a spade,
With which he doth make
His enemies quake,
To think that their Graves are made.

The grim stubble eke
On the Justice's cheek,
Must not my verse despise,
Which were more fit
For a Nutmeg, but it
Doth grate poore prisoners eyes.

A Beard doth invest
The Bishops breſt,
With much white ſpreading haire,
Which an Emblеme may be
Of the integrity
That doth inhabite there?

But O let us tarry
For the beard of King Harry,
That growes upon the chin,
In his buſhie pride
With a grave on each ſide,
And a Champion ground between.

Next the clowne doth out ruſh
With his beard of buſh,
Which may be well endur'd,
For though his face
Lyes in a rude caſe,
Yet his land is well manur'd.

1.

A Song, on a Tenement.

IF any man doth want a house,
Be he Prince, Baronett, or 'Squire,
Or Peasant, (hardly worth a louse)
I can fit his desire:
I have a tenement, the which,
I know will fit them all,
'Tis seated near a stinking ditch,
They call it *Cunny-hall.*

2.

It doth lye beyond *bonny ground*
At the foot of *Belly-hill*,
This house is easie to be found
By whosoever will,
For terme of life, or years, or dayes,
Ile let this pleasant bowre,
Nay 'rather than a tenant want
Ile let it for an houre.

3.

About it growes a lofty Wood
To shade you from the Sun,
Well water'd 'tis, for thorow it,
A pleasant stream doth run:
If hot, you there may coole your selfe;
If cold, you'le there finde heat;
For greatest, 'tis not too little;
For least, 'tis not too great.

4.

My houſe, I muſt confeſſe, 'tis dark
Be it by night or day,
But if you once be got therein
You cannot miſſe your way;
But when ye're in, make boldly of
As faſt as 'ere you can,
But if you come to th' end thereof
You come where nere did man.

5.

Thus if you like my *Cunny-hall*
Your houſe-rent ſhall be good,
For ſuch a temper as you pleaſe,
Burn neither coale nor wood;
But if it rain, or freez, or ſnow,
To ſpeak I dare be bold,
If you keep your noſe within dore
You nere ſhall be a cold.

I Am that lofty Swaine
That never car'd to love
None of *Diana*'s traine
Could ever my fancy move:
Kad *Cupid* from above
Could never conquer me,
Since *Peggy* it is thee I love,
And thy Captive I will be.

7.

Since *Peggy* it is sure
That I doe love thee best,
Then put aside delayes
And grant me my request.
Come good or evill hap,
Come wealth or poverty,
Ile set thee in my lap
And Ile smuggle thee handsomly.

8.

Vlisses did commend
Constant *Penelope*,
Pigmalion lov'd his friend,
Why may not I love thee?
Though great *Achilles* was
The *God of Victory*,
He lov'd a *Trojan Lasse*
And smuggl'd her handsomly.

9.

Though *Vulcan* (grim and black)
Faire *Venus* did imbrace,
Of him she thought no lack
For all his dirty face:
Though he were crook't dekin,
And Iglerd ore the eye,
Yet *Venus* lov'd him well
And he smuggl'd her handsomly,

Matheglin, ale, and beer,
Plump clarret wine, and sherry
Shall not be wanting here
If't may but make thee merry:
When ended is the feast
With mirth and merry glee,
I take thee to the bed
And Ile smuggle thee handsomely.

Lydford Law.

A Song.

1.

I Oft have heard of *Lydford-Law*
How in the morne they hang end draw,
And sit in judgement after:
At first I wondred at it much,
But since I finde the reason such
That it deserves no laughter.

2.

There stands a Castle on a hill,
I took it for an old Windmill,
The Van's blown off with weather;
To lye therein one night 'tis guess'd
'Twere better to be hang'd or press'd,
Or drownd, now chuse you whether.

3.

The Prince an hundred pound hath sent
To mend the leads and plankings rent
Within this living tombe;
Some forty five pounds more had paid
The debts of all that shall be laid
There, till the Day of Doome.

4.

One lyes there for a peck of sale,
Another for three pecks of malt,
Two sureties for a noble:
If this be true or else false newes,
You may goe ask of Master *Cruse*,
John Vaughan, or *John Doble*.

5.

Though debts and Debters are but poor,
The Courts and Causes are the more,
(So many Tynners made)
That Lawyers and Attourneys all,
Which in these Courts doe scolde and brawle
Doe finde it a gainfull trade.

6.

Nere to these men that lye in lurch,
There is a bridge, there is a Church
Five Ashes and one Oake;
Seven houses standing and ten down,
Some say the Parson hath a gown,
But I saw nere a cloake.

7.

Whereby you may consider well,
That plain simplicity doth dwell
At *Lydford*, without bravery:
For in that town, both young and grave
The naked truth, and have
No Clokes to hide their knavery.

8.

The people all within this Clime
Are frozen all the winter time,
(be sure I do not fain)
And when the Somer is begun,
They lye like Slow-worms in the Sun,
And come to life again.

9.

I kiss'd the Mayor's hand o'th' town,
VVho, though he wear no Scarlet gown,
Yet honours the Rose and Thistle.
A piece of Corall in the Mace,
VVhich there I saw, to serve the place,
'T would make a good childs whistle.

10.

At six o'th' clock I came away,
And vow'd I would no longer stay,
within a place so — arrant,
Both wide and ope to winds that roare,
By Gods grace Ile come there no more,
Unlesse by some tynn warrant.

A SONG.

1.

O My Dearest I shall grieve thee,
When I sweare, yet Sweet believe me;
By thine eyes the tempting book,
On which even crabbed old men look;
I swear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet do I not love thee for them.

2.

I do not love thee for that faire
Rich Fan of thy most curious haire,
Although the wires thereof be drawn
Far finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtile Spinner weaves.

3.

I do not love thee for those Flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, Loves bowers;
Though such cunning them hath spread,
That none can part their white and red:
Loves golden arrowes thence are shot,
And yet for them I love thee not.

4.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red Corall'd lips I kist so oft,
Nor teeth of Pearle, the double guard
To speech, where Musick still is heard;
Though from those lips a kisse being taken,
Can tyrants melt, and death awaken,

4.

I do not love thee, oh my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver piller, that stands under
Thy round head, the Globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polished Ivory are.

6.

I do not love thee for those mountaines,
Hid with snow, where milky fountaines,
Sugar'd sweet as syrrop'd berries,
Must one day run through pipes of cherries.
O how much those breasts do move me,
Yet for them I do not love thee.

7.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as sattin, soft as jelly;
Although within that Christall round
Whole heaps of treasure might be found,
So rich, that for the least of them,
A King might give his Diadem.

8.

I do not love thee for those thighes,
Whose Alablaster rocks do rise
So high, and even that they stand
Like sea-marks to some happy Land.
Happy are those eyes have seen them,
More happy he shall saile between them.

9.

I do not love thee for that palm,
Although the dew thereof be balm,
Nor for that pretty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root,
On which this goodly Cædar grows;
My Sweet, I love thee not for those.

10.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmetick
Can number down; nor for those charms
Thou mak'st with thine embracing armes:
Although in them one night to lye,
My dearest I would gladly dye.

11.

I love thee not for eyes or haire,
Nor teeth, nor cheeks, nor lips so rare,
Nor for thy speech, nor neck, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest,
Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small,
But wilt thou know, dear sweet, for all?

A Song.

1.

COme, come, come, do you mask, do you mum
By my holy doom? what a coile is here?
Some must sway, and some obey,
Or else I pray, who will stand in fear?
Though my toe
That I limp on so,
Do work my wo, and welladay,
This sweet spring,
And another thing,
Will make us sing *Fa, la, la, la, la,*

2.

Fellow Gods, are you fain at odds?
What fury mads your immortall braines?
For a little care of the worlds affair,
Will you fret & swear? will you take such pains?
No Gods, no,
Let fury go,
And mortalls wo as well as they.
This sweet spring,
And another thing,
Will make us sing, *Fa, la, la, la, la,*

3.

Thou God of Moes, with thy toting nose,
And thy mouth that growes to thy lolling eare,
Stretch it forth from North to South,
And quench thy drought in Vinegar.
Though thy tongue
Be too large and long
To sing the song of *Fa, la, la, la, la.*
Joyn *Momus* grace
To *Vulcans* pace,
And a filthy face, cry: *Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow.*

A SONG.

ALL haile to the dayes
That merits more praise
Than all the reſt of the yeere,
And welcome the nights
That double delights,
As well in the Poore as the Peere.
Good fortune attend
Each merry mans friend,
That doth but the beſt that he may,
Forgetting old wrong,
With a cup and a ſong,
To drive the cold Winter away.

Let Miſery pack
With a whip at his back,
To the deep *Tantalian* flood;
And Envy profound
In *Lethe* be drown'd,
That repines at another mans good;
Let Sorrow's expence
Be a thouſand yeares hence
With payments of grief and delay,
And ſpend the whole night
With honeſt delight,
To drive the cold Winter away.

The threading of the Needle.

1.

O That I durst but thred your Needle, Lady,
There would I work till I had made a Baby,
Or stop your Floodgates, on condition I
Did at the Joynter in the River lye.

2.

Oh that I durst but shoot a Gulph I know,
Or in the Lower Countreys my seed sow;
Or plough the bottome of that Nether land,
Untill my Plough did fall, and I not stand.

3.

Oh that I durst but play at *in and in*,
If I were out, I would again begin;
Or *fast* or *loose*, I care not whether much,
Yet should I lose at both, my play is such.

4.

Oh that I durst tread the grass that grows
About your River, where perfect *Nectar* flows,
Or that my smaller Current might distill
His moysture into yours, till yours it fill.

5.

Oh that I durst monopolize a thing,
I mean that curious black enamell'd Ring,
Whose vertue's such in durance, that it has
Worn out a world of Stones, that did surpasse;
Yet I care not; for all that I will venter,
If you'll give leave, within your Ring to enter.

The

The hunting of the Gods.

To the Tune of Room for Cuckolds.

1.

SOngs of Sonnets, and rusticall Roundelaye,
Forms of fancies are whistled on reeds,
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holydayes,
Are too unworthy for wonderfull deeds:
Phœbus ingenious,
VVith witty *Silenius*:
His haughty genius taught to declare,
In words better coyned,
And verse better joyned,
How starres divined the hunting the Hare.

2.

Starres enamour'd with pastimes olympicall;
Starres and Planets yet beautiful shone,
VVould no longer that mortall men only (on.
Should swim in pleasures, while they but look
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed how minded they were;
Each God and Goddesse
To take humane bodies,
As Lords and Ladies to follow the Hare.

Chast

3.

Chaſt *Diana* applauded the motion,
And pale *Proſerpina* ſat in her place,
Which guides the Welkin & governs the Ocean,
Till ſhe conducts her Nephews in chace,
Till by her example,
Their Father to trample
The old and ample earth, leave them the aire,
Neptune the water
And wine, *liber pater*,
And *Mars* the ſlaughter, to follow the Hare.

4.

Young god *Cupid* mounted on *Pegaſus*,
Beloved of Nymphs, with kiſſes and praiſe,
Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucaſus*,
Mounts a Centaur, which proudly him bare,
Poſtillian of the ſky,
Swift-footed *Mercury*
Makes his Courſer fly fleet as the aire.
Yellow *Apollo*
The Kennell doth follow
With whip and hollow, after the Hare.

Young

5.

Young *Aminta* thought the Gods came to (breathe
After their battel, themselves on the ground,
Thirsis did think the Gods came to dwell here beneathe,
And that hereafter the world would go round,
Coridon aged
With *Phillis* engaged,
Was much enraged with jealous despaire.
But fury was vaded,
And he was perswaded,
When he they applauded the hunting the Hare.

6.

Deep *Melampus*, and cunning *Irambeti*,
Neap and *Tiger*, and *Harpi* the skies
Rents with roaring, whilst hunter-like *Hercules*
Windes his plentifull horn to their eries,
Till with varieties,
To solace their Deities,
Their weary pieties refreshed were,
We sheepherds were seated,
The whilst we repeated
How we conceited the hunting the Hare.

7.

Stars but ſhadowes were, joyes are but ſorrowes,
Were there no motion, nor had they delight,
Joyes are joviall, delights are the marrowes
Of life and motion, the axell of might,
Pleaſure depends
Upon no other friends,
But freely lends to each vertue a ſhare,
Onely is pleaſure
The meaſure of treaſure,
Of pleaſure the treaſure is hunting the Hare.

8.

Drowned *Narciſſus* from his Metamorphoſis,
Rowzed by Eccho, new man-hood did take:
Snoring *Somnus* up-ſtarted from *Cereris*,
The which this thouſand yeares was not awake,
To ſee club-footed
Old *Mulciber* booted,
And *Pan* promoted on *Coridon's* mare.
Proud *Pallas* pouted,
And *Æolus* ſhouted,
And *Momus* flouted, yet follow'd the Hare:

Hy:

9.

Hymen ushers the Lady *Astræa*,
The jest takes hold of *Minerva* the old;
Ceres the brown, with bright *Cætheria*,
With *Thetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the bold;
Shamefac'd *Aurora*,
With witty *Pandora*,
And *Maia* with *Flora* did company bear,
But *Juno* was stated
Too high to be mated,
Although she hated not hunting the Hare.

10.

Three broad boles to the Olympicall Rector,
The *Troy*-born Eagle presents on his knee,
Jove to *Phœbus* carouses in Nectar,
And *Phœbus* to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me:
Wherewith infused,
I piped and mused,
In tongues unused their sports to declare,
Till that the house of *Jove*,
Round as the Spheares do move
Health to all those that love hunting the Hare.

A SONG.

NAy, prethee don't fly me,
But ſit thee down by me;
I cannot endure
The Lad that's demure,
A pox on your Worſhips and Sirs;
Your Congies and Trips,
With your Legs and your Lips,
Your Madams and Lords,
And ſuch finicall words,
And the Complement you bring,
That doth ſpell nothing, (Furres:
You may keep for the Change and the
For at the beginning was neither Peaſant nor Prince,
And who the devil made the diſtinction ſince?

Thoſe Titles and Honours
Do remain in the Donours,
And not in the King,
To which they do cling,
If his ſoul be too narrow that weares um;
No delight can I ſee
In the thing call'd degree;
Honeſt Dick ſounds as well
As a name with an L.
That with Titles doth ſwell,
And thunder like a Spell,
To affright mortal eares that do hear um.
He that wears a brave ſoul, & dares honeſtly do,
Is a Herauld to himſelf and a Godfather too.

Why should we then dote on
One with a Foole's coat on,
VVhose Coffers are cramm'd?
But yet he'l be damn'd
Ere he'l do a good act or a wise one:
What reason hath he
To be ruler ore me,
Who is Lord ore his Chest?
But his Head and her Breast
Are both empty and bare,
And puffe up with aire,
And can neither assist nor advise one:
Honour but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
'Tis we Commons make Lords, as the Clerks
make the Justice.

But since we must be
Of a different degree,
'Cause most do aspire,
To be greater and higher
Than the rest of their fellowes, & brothers.
He that hath such a spirit,
Let him gain by his merit,
Spend his wealth, brains and blood
For his Country's good,
And make himself fit
By his valour and wit,
For things above the reach of all others.
Honor's a prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not, 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me be
But quiet and free,
Ile drink Sack and obey,
Let the great ones sway,
That spend their whole time in thinking;
Ile nere busie my pate
With secrets of State,
The Newes books Ile burn all,
And with the Diurnall
Light Tobacco, and admit
They are so far fit,
As they serve for good company and drinking.
All the name I desire is an honest good fellow,
And that man has no worth, that won't sometimes be mellow.

Bow *Goose.*

1.

THe best of Poets write of Hogs,
And of *Ulysses* barking Dogs,
Others of Sparrows, Flies and Frogs,
In former ages sang.
Some of the silver Swan of *Bow*,
Although mine was no Swan, what tho?
It was a Goose was brought from *Bow*
To *Algate*.

2.

As harmlesse and as innocent
She was, as those that with her went,
Nor do not think the watchmen meant
More sillier than she;
Who rested onely on a staff,
And gave them not one word at all,
And yet these Caniballs did fall
About her.

3.

In silence then my Goose sat still,
Till she perceiving each mans bill,
Praying they would not use her ill,
That looke so like them all.
Yet they disdaining did begin
About us for to cast a gin,
And then the Constable came in
And took us.

4.

To whom they did relate our caſe,
And ſwore each man would quit his place,
If we were ſuffered to diſgrace
The Kings Lieutenant ſo.
And then my Ganders eminence,
My Gooſe and I commanded thence,
And were made graduats to commence
I'th' Counter.

5.

We thither went, and then my Gooſe,
That pinion'd was before, got looſe,
For having us within their nooſe,
They had no cauſe to fear:
Then into every ward we went,
And here and there our money ſpent,
Untill the Conſtable had ſent
Next morning.

6.

Who ſummon'd us for to appear;
Before an Alderman Ile ſwear,
That might have been that preſent year,
Made Lord Mayor for his wit:
Who took my Gooſes cauſe in hand,
And things with ſuch judgment ſcann'd,
That having done I ſcarce could ſtand
For laughing.

7.

He did not onely reprehend
Our follies, but did much commend
The Constable, his honest friend,
For this good service done.
How happy is thie City blest,
With Officers among the rest,
That I may adde unto their Crest
My *Bow* Goose?

8.

But to my grief, Ile tell you what,
My Goose, which was before so fat,
She might have been, accepted at
A Mayor or Sheriffs table,
Grew wan and lean, and that so ill,
That from her wing she dropt a quill,
Desiring me to write her Will;
Which I did.

9.

And thus my Goose's will began,
Unto the reverend Alderman
I do bequeath my brain-sick pan,
With all therein contained.
And Mr. Constable, to you
My empty head, which is your due,
My bill unto the damned crew,
The Watchmen.

10.

And furthermore, it is my will
The City Clerks shou'd have a quill,
To write such learned speeches still,
As his brave Lordship utters;
And unto Mr. A'derman
I give my taile to make a fan,
My legs unto the Gentleman
Her usher.

11.

I do bequeath my body's trunk
Unto good fellowes, for the rump
Desiring that there may be drunk
Both Claret and Canary.
I pray you discharge your company,
All such as shall Recusants be,
To drink a health in memory
Of my *Bow* Goose.

12.

My body to the city Cook,
That lives not far from Pasty-nook,
That he into my corps may look,
And coffin them in past.
My guts for th' Marshal's red face save,
To wear about his neck so brave,
That honest *Palfrey*, the proud slave,
May swagger.

As

13.

As for my fellow pris'ners all,
That live in debt, and ever shall,
I do bequeath perpetuall,
My sad and heavy heart.
My clawes and pinions I do give
Unto the Serjants and the Sheriff,
That they may punish those that live
Indebted.

14.

One thing more I do perceive
Almost forgot, I do bequeath
My tongue, which tatling cannot leave
Unto the City Counsel,
That they may meditate a truce
Between the City, and me their Goose,
For me to be their constant muse
For ever.

15.

That in their Liveries they may call
The boyes from every Hospitall,
To sing my solemn funerall,
With Dirges to my grave.
And when my Goose had uttered this,
Then did my Goose begin to pisse,
And sighing with a harmlesse hisse,
Departed.

The Libertine.

1.

PErſwade me not, I vow Ile love no more;
My heart has now tane quarter,
My fetters Ile no more adore,
Nor madly run as heretofore,
To break my freedome's Charter.
He that once failes, may try again,
But whoſo often fool'd has been,
And ſtill attempts, commits a triple ſin,
He's his own humor's Martyr.
Ile uſe my liberty to run
Abroad, and ſtill be chuſing,
Who would confine himſelf to one
That has power of refuſing?

2.

The unconfined Bee, we ſee his power
To kiſſe and feele each Flower,
Nor are his pleaſures limited,
To the ruines of one Maiden-head,
Nor ty'd to one's embraces,
But having's will of one, he'l flye
T'another, and there load his thigh,
Why ſhou'd he have more privilege than I,
Since both are amarous caſes?
Differ in this alone, his thighes,
When he abroad doth roame,
Laden with ſpoyls, return, but mine
Come weak and empty home.

The

3.

The self-same beauty that I've often sworn,
Dwelt onely in my Dearest,
I see by other Ladyes worn,
Whom the same graces do adorn,
I like that face that's neareſt.
This I salute, and walk with that,
With this I sing, with th' other chat,
I've none to catechise me, where, or what,
Nor will be ty'd t' a Quæriſt.
Thus out of all, Pigmalion-like,
My fancy limns a woman,
To her I freely sacrifice,
And rivall am by no man.

A Maidens Deniall.

NAy pish! nay phew! nay faith and will you?
A Gentleman, and use thus! Ile cry. (fie!
Nay, Gods body, what means this? nay fie for
shame;
Nay faith away! nay fie! you are too blame;
Heark! some body comes, hands off, I pray;
Ile pinch, Ile scratch, Ile spurn, Ile run away.
Nay faith, you strive in vain, you shall not speed,
You mar my Ruff, you hurt my Back, I bleed.
Look how the door stands ope, some body sees;
Your buttons scratch, in faith you hurt my knees;

You

What will men ſay? Lord, what a coyle is here?
You make me ſweat yfaith, here's goodly geer,
Nay, faith, let me intreat you, if you lift, (I wiſt
You mar my clothes, you tear my ſmock, but had
So much before, I would have ſhut you out.
Is it a proper thing you go about?
I did not think you would have us'd me this;
But now I ſee I took my aime amiſſe.
A little thing would make me not be friends:
You've us'd me well, I hope you'l make amends;
Hold ſtill, Ile wipe your face, you ſweat amain,
You have got a goodly thing with all your pain.
Alas, how hot am I? what will you drink?
If you go ſweating down, what will men think?
Remember, Sir, how you have us'd me now,
Doubtleſſe ere long, I will be meet with you.
If any man, but you, had us'd me ſo,
Would I have put it up? in faith, Sir, no.
Nay go not yet, ſtay here and ſup with me,
And then at cards we better ſhall agree.

The Companion.

I.

WHat need we take care for Platonick (rules,
Or the Precepts of *Ariſtotle?* (rules,
They that think to find learning in Books are but
True Philoſophy lyes in the Bottle; (fools,
And a minde
That's confin'd
To the mode of the Schooles,
Nere arrives at the height of a pottle:
Let the Sages
Of our ages
Keep a talking
Of our walking
Demurely, while we that are wiſer
Do abhor all
That's mortall
In *Plato*
And *Cato*,
And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer.

Chorus.

Then let full Bowles on Bowles be hurl'd,
That our Jollity may be compleat;
For Man, though he be but a very little world,
Muſt be drowned as well as a great.

We'll

2.

We'll drink till our cheekes be as ſtarr'd as the skies,
Let the pale-colour'd Students flout us,
And our noſes like Comets ſet fire on our eyes,
Till we beare the Horizon about us;
And if all
Make us fall,
Then our heeles ſhall deviſe
What the Stars are a doing without us:
Let *Lilly*
Go tell ye
Of wonders
And thunders.
Let Aſtrologers all divine,
And let *Booker*
Be a looker
Of our natures
In our features,
He'll find nothing but Claret in Wine.

Chorus.

Then let full Bowles, &c.

On

On CANARY.

1.

OF all the rare juices
That *Bacchus* or *Phabus* produces,
There's none that I can, or dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuſes,
The firſt got a King,
The next the Nine Muſes.
'Twas this made old Poets ſo ſprightly to ſing,
And fill all the world, with the glory & fame on't,
They Helicon call'd it, and the Theſpian ſpring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the name on't.

2.

Our Cyder and Perry
May make a man mad, but not merry;
It makes people wind-mill pated,
And with Crotchets ſuffiſticated,
And your hops, yeſt and malt,
VVhen they're mingled together,
Make our fancies to halt,
Or reele any whither:
It ſtuffs up our brains with froth and with yeſt,
That if one would write but a verſe for a Belman, (jeſt;
He muſt ſtudy till *Chriſtmas* for an eight ſhillings
Theſe liquors won't raiſe, but drown or o'ercwhelm man. Our

3.

Our drowzy Matheglin.
VVas onely ordain'd to inveigle in
The Novice that knowes not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it.
And your Claret and White
Have a Gun-powder fury,
They're of the French fp'rite,
But they won't long endure you.
And your Holiday Muskadel, Allegant and Tent,
Have only this property & vertue that's fit in't,
They'l make a man fleep till a preachment be fpent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor our (wit in't.

4.

The Braggot and Rhinish
You muft with ingredients replenifh,
'Tis Wine to pleafe Ladies and toyes with,
But not for a man to rejoyce with;
But 'tis Sack makes the fport,
And who gains but the Flavor?
Though an Abbefs he court,
In his high fhooes he'l have her.
'Tis this that advances the Drinker and Drawer,
Though the Father come to town in his hob-nailes and leather,
He turnes it to Velvet, and brings up an Heire,
In the town in his Chain, in the field with his Feather.

A

A Song.

YOu that in love do meane to sport,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Take a wench of the meaner sort,
Tobacco, Tobacco.

But let her have a comely face
Like one that comes of *Venus* race,
Then take occasion, time and place
To give her some *Tobacco.*

Your Can with moysture must abound,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Your Bullets must be plump and round,
Tobacco, Tobacco.

But if that you do please her well,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
All others then you will excell,
Tobacco, Tobacco.

She will be ready at your call,
And take *Tobacco, Pipe,* and all,
So ready will she be to fall
To taft your good *Tobacco.*

Your Stopper must be ſtiff and ſtrong,
It muſt be large and long,
Or elſe ſhe ſweares you do her wrong.
She ſcorns your weak *Tobacco.*

A Fancy.

WHen Py-crust first began to reign,
Cheese-parings went to warre,
Red Herrings lookt both blew and wan,
Green Leeks and Puddings jarre.
Blind *Hugh* went out to see
Two Cripples run a race,
The Ox fought with the Humble Bee,
And claw'd him by the face.

A Lady's Prayer to Cupid.

SInce I must needs into thy Schoole return,
Be pitifull O Love! and do not burn
Me with desire of cold, and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond Boy, or Page;
But gentle *Cupid* give me, if thou can,
One to my Love, whom I may call a man,
Of Person comely, and of Face as sweet,
Let him be sober, secret, and discreet,
Well practis'd in Love's school; let him within
Wear all his haire, and none upon his Chin:

An ODE.

1.

COme noble Nymphs, and do not hide
The joyes for which you so provide,
If not, to mingle with us men;
What do you here? go home agen:
Your Dressings do confesse,
By what we see so curious arts
Of Pallace and of Parts,
That you could mean no lesse.

2.

Why do you wear the Silk-wormes toyles,
Or glory in the Shelfish spoyles?
Or strive to shew the graines of Oare,
That you have gathered long before,
Whereof to make a Stoick,
To graft the green Emrald on,
Or any better water'd stone,
Or Rubie of the Roick.

3.

Why do you smell of Ambergreece,
Whereof was formed *Neptune's Neece*,
The queen of Love? unlesse you can,
Like sea-born *Venus*, love a Man:
Try, put your self unto't,
Your lookes, and smiles, and thoughts that meet
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Do promise you will do't.

A Song.

MAy not an old age yet ſing an *April* ſong?
Jug, Jug, Tru, Tru, ſweet notes of *Philomel*,
Come *Juno!* for to thee it doth belong,
Upon Love's Syngraph, ſacred Rites to ſeale:
Jug, Jug, the plain ſong be of jugal love,
Deſcant then *Tru, Tru*, as the Dance is led.
Vertue will ſo in a ſweet meaſure move,
Xanthus his golden arms ſhall open ſpread,
Embracing fruitfull beauty to his bed.
And to this Song let us ſing,
Ecchoing, Ecchoing.

The Bridall Night.

WHy art thou coy (my *Leda*) art not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymineall* Twine
Power to contract our Natures? muſt I be
Still interpoſed with needleſſe modeſty?
What though my former paſſions made me vow,
You were an *Angel*; be a *Mortall* now:
The Bride-maids all are vaniſh'd, and the crew
O Virgin Ladyes, that did wait on you,
Have left us to our ſelves, as coy to be
Injurious to our *Loves wiſh'd privacy.*

Come

Come then undresse; why blush you? prethee
smile;
Faith Ile dis-robe you, nay I will not spoile
Your *Necklace*, or your *Gorget*, here's a pin
Pricks you; fair *Leda* 'twere a cruel sin
Not to remove it; oh how many *gates*
Are to *Elizium*! yet the sweeteſt *Straits*
That are made Voyage happy, here's a *lace*
Me thinks should stifle you; it doth embrace
Your body too severely, take a knife,
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It shall be cut; let your Carnation Gown
Be pulld off too, and next let me pull down
This *Rosie petticoat*; what is this cloud
That keeps the day-light from us, and's allow'd
More privivilege then I? though it be white,
'Tis not the white I aim at (by this light)
It shall go off (too) No: then let 't alone.
Come let's to bed, why look you so? here's none
Sees you but I; be quick, or by this hand
Ile lay you down my self, you make me *stand*
Too *long* i'th' cold: why do you lye so far?
Ile follow you, this distance shall not bar
Your body from me; oh 'tis well! and now
Ile let thy *Virgins innocence* know how
Kings propagate young Princes, Marriage beds
Never destroy, but erect *Maiden-heads*.

A Song.

AS *Colin* went forth his sheep to unfold,
In a morning of *April* as gray as twas cold,
In a thicket he heard a voyce it self spread,
Which was, *Oh, oh, I am almost dead.*

He peep'd in the bushes, and spy'd where there lay
His Mistress, whose countenance made *April* (*May*;
But yet in her looks some sadness was read,
Crying *Oh*, &c.

He rush'd in unto her, & cry'd what's the matter?
Ah *Colin*, quoth she, why will you come at her,
Who by the false Swain hath oft been misled?
To which, *Oh*, &c.

He turn'd her Milk-paile, and down there he sat,
His hand stroak'd his beard, on his knee hung his hat;
But yet still *Mopsa* cry'd, before ought was sed.
Colin, Oh, oh, &c.

By God quoth stout *Colin*, I ever was true,
Thou gav'st me a handkerchief all hemm'd with blew,
A pin-box I gave thee, & a girdle so red,
And yet she cry'd, *Oh*, &c.

Delay-

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus ill,
I ever fear'd *Sarah* that dwelt at the mill,
Since in the Evenings late her hogs thou hast fed.
For which, *Oh, oh,* &c.

Colin then chuckt her under the chin,
Cleare up, for to love thee I never will lin;
Q^d. she Ile believe it when the Parson has read.
Till then, *Oh, oh,* &c.

Uds bores, quoth *Colin*, Ile new clout my shoon,
And ere a week pass, by the mass 't shall be done.
You might have done before then, she said:
But now, *Oh, oh,* &c.

He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round,
And said, I am the truest that ere trod on ground,
Come settle thy milk-paile fast to thy head:
No more *Oh, oh,* &c.

Why then I perceive thou'lt not leave me in the lurch,
Ile don my best cloaths, and straight goe to Church.
Jog on merry *Colin*, jog on before,
For yfaith, yfaith Ile dye no more.

On an Old Woman.

YEsterday I heard an old woman ſay,
She had a great pain in her belly;
It was and a Cat, which cauſed that,
And I am and aſhamed to tell ye.

The old woman ſhe ſat by the fire,
And no body there to eſpy her,
No body to ſee, but the cat and ſhe,
And ſhe pull'd her coats up higher.

She threw her legs aſunder,
And the cat ſhe caught hold under.
She had a thing there was, ſo like and a mouſe
That it made the cat to wonder.

This thing it was not naked;
For a mouſe the cat did take it;
O ſtill it was ſo like and a mouſe,
That the cat would not forſake it.

The old woman ſhe cry'd out murder,
And the cat ſhe bit harder and harder,
Oh quoth ſhe, I fear I ſhall die
Before I go any further.

At this cry the neighbours did enter,
And their skill and their ſtrength they lent her;
At length they the cat, with much ado gat
From the bottom of th' old womans venter.

The

The old woman ſhe quaked and ſhe quivered,
and all her body ſhivered;
Quoth ſhe I have often been brought to bed,
But I never was thus delivered.

A Colledge of Doctors.

I pray Doctor *Argent*, a note in your margent,
You are too far to have skill.
But a little, God knows, doth ſerve for a Doſe,
Or on Apothecary's bill.

You Dr. *Tenant*, that are a great Lieutenant
Of Doctors with the Scots,
I could tell you the cauſe, but I fear good wives pawes,
Far more than your Gally-pots.

And Doctor *Taylor*, a great prevailer,
The favour of Ladyes to win.
You tell-tales of pleaſure, and to a haire take meaſure,
Then put all honeſty in.

And Doctor *Rawlins*, for all your brawlings,
You are but a ſcurvy leach,
Poor, till 'twas your chance, your ſelf to advance
By getting a widdow by th' breech.

Were he not a lyer, ſhould ſay Doctor *Fryer*
Did love fleſh more than skin?
Well now the old fool hath left the cloſe-ſtool,
Unto his Pupill *Gugueen*.

Oh Dr. *Elvin*, though the hole you delve in
Be barren, and yeild no fruit;
'Twas a happy receit that made you to wait
On the Black guard without a ſuit.

Good Doctor *Butler*, like a *Sheffield* Cutler,
Your knife is in every ſheath,
Your brown bread chip fits a Ladyes lip,
You play not above, but beneath.

For you Doctor *Pot*, your Phyſick's ſo, ſo,
You plac'd your Clifter-pipe wrong,
Though you cur'd Mrs. *Rich* of the leacherous itch,
In the abſence of ſpruice Mrs. *Young*.

Whoop, whoop, Dr. *Saul*, what newes at Surgeons Hall?
The Simples that you uſe,
You had them by rote from you Fathers old note,
Or ſome Italian ſtewes.

I know Doctor *Lister*, were't his own sister,
Must feel before he heale;
His reason is this, the pulse, more than pisse,
Infirmities doth reveale.

And a Doctor may feel, from head unto heel,
To grope out healths decay;
Tell him of no shame, *Aesculapius* did the same,
Health's honest any way.

What are you stirring, old Friend, Dr. *Hurring*?
'Tis physick to see you squint;
You creep like a snail, so hard bound i'th' tayle,
That you sh t as hard as a flint.

How chance Dr. *Torris* now grown so sour is;
Waxing weary of his life,
'Tis because of the horn, why man think no scorn,
The gain and pain comes by your wife.

And Dr. *Maben* gives physick to women,
They never are beguil'd;
Pills work apace, and he likes the place,
That all of them prove with childe.

Then Doctor *Jordanus* with *porrige manus*,
What newes at *Clarkenwell*:
Here's physick indeed, sweat, purge, & then bleed
Must fitly, Doctor farewell.

What

What have you got there, freind, Dr. *Foſter*,
A pricket or a ſore; (life
Good faith tis your wife, now God ſave your
I thonght it had been your whore.

If there be a black Man Dr. *Gifford*'s the man,
My Muſe abhors detractors;
From ſuch I ſtand bleſt, for bad is the beſt,
So farewell baudy Doctors.

A SONG.

FIne young folly, though you were
That rare beauty, I did ſwear,
Yet you nere came neare my heart;
For we Courtiers learn at ſchoole
Onely with your ſex to foole,
You are not worth a ſerious part.

When I ſigh and kiſſe your hand,
Croſſe mine armes, and wondring ſtand,
Holding parley with your eye,
Next to dally with my deſires,
Sweare the Sun nere ſhot ſuch fires;
All is but a handſome lye.

When I eye your curled lace,
Gentle ſoule, you think your face
Streight ſome murther doth commit,
When your conſcience doth begin
To grow ſcrupulous of ſin,
Then I court to ſhew my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love, grow proud;
For, in troth, I much do doubt
'Tis the Powder in your haire,
Not your breath, perfumes the aire:
'Tis your cloathes that ſet you out.

Yet for all this truth confeſt,
And I ſwear I lov'd in jeſt:
When I next begin to court,
And proteſt an amorous flame.
You'll ſwear I in earneſt am.
Beldame, this is pretty ſport.

On a Pinte-pot.

1.

OLd Poets Hypocrene admire,
And pray to Water to inſpire
Their Muſes birth with heavenly fire?
Had they this ſeemly fountain ſeen,
Sack both their Well and Muſe had been,
And this Pinte-pot their Hypocrene.

2.

Had truly they conſidered it,
They had, like me, thought it unfit,
To pray to Water for their wit,
And had ador'd Sack as divine,
And made a Poet god of VVine,
Then this Pinte-pot had been a ſhrine.

3.

Sack unto them had been inſtead
Of Nectar, and the heavenly Breed,
And every boy a Ganimed,
And had they made a God of it,
And ſtyl'd it Patron of their wit,
This Pot had been a Temple fit.

4.

Well then (Companions) is't not fit,
Since to this Gem we owe our wit,
That we ſhould praiſe the Cabinet?
And drink a health to this divine
mnd bounteous Palace of our VVine,
Die he of thirſt that doth repine?

On his deformed Miſtreſs.

AND is not the Queen of Drabs,
VVhoſe head is periwigg'd with ſcabs,
VVhoſe haire hangs down in curious flakes,
Curled and criſp'd, like gentle ſnakes,
The breath of whoſe perfumed locks
Would choak the Devil, with a pox,
VVhoſe dainty twinings did intice
The whole monopoly of Lice,
To her, who daily there are fed,
The goodlieſt lice that ere were bred.
Her fore-head next is to be found,
Much like a piece of new-plough'd ground,
Furrow'd with ſtaires, whoſe winding lead
Unto the chimney of her head.
The next thing that my muſe deſcryes,
Are the two mill-pits of her eyes:
Mill-pits, whoſe depth no heigth can ſound,
For there the God of Love was drown'd.
On either ſide there was a ſouſe,
An Eare, I mean kept open houſe,
An eare which alwaies there did dwell,
And ſo the head kept ſentinell,
Which there was ſet for to deſcry,
If any danger there was nigh:
But I think danger there was bred,
VVhich makes them ſo keep off her head.

Something I'm ſure did cauſe their feares,
Which makes them ſo to hang their eares:
But hang her eares; *Thalia* ſeeks
To ſuck the bottles of her cheeks:
Her cheeks! whoſe pride do make them riſe,
Contending to out-face her eyes:
Upon her cheeks I'd longer ſtay,
But that her noſe calls me away.
Her noſe, on which all beauty ſat,
Her Indian Ruby noſe, that's flat.
Help Muſes now I have begun,
That like her noſe my verſe may run.
Help, Fury's never given to flatter,
I know her noſe affordeth matter:
For on her noſe there hangs, I wot,
A curious pearle of Chryſtall knot,
As purely white, as whiteſt roſe,
A dainty Gem for ſuch a noſe.
But now, methinks, *Thalia* skips,
Intending to ſalute her lips:
Although ſhe feares her lips are ſuch,
'Tis almoſt pain of death to touch:
I'd wiſh the Devil ſo much bliſſe,
Thoſe, daily to be damn'd, to kiſſe.
But where ſhall I finde words enough
To rake the kennel of her mouth?
Whoſe wryneſs, with a certain grace
Sets out the beauty of her face;
Whoſe dreaming gapings might affright
The *luſt of Incubus* at night,

And *Succubus* might be afraid
Hereafter to come near a maid,
Where out in curious postures hung
The spungy fly-flap of her tongue,
As if that Nature did contrive
To hang her, while she was alive.
Her teeth were fix'd like Eagles clawes
Upon the ruines of her jawes,
Which there were plac't like pikemen tall,
Something inclining to the fall,
Whose ripn'd age did yeild them mellow,
The curious gold was not so yellow.
I think she took them by descent
From father *Adam*, whose intent
was, that his teeth should be intail'd
Unto his heirs, that never fail'd.
Her chin a little lower stands
Much like the cape of *Bon esperance*.
Which Nature kind extended so,
To point her way when she doth go.
Come Muses at *Apollo's* beck,
And wreath a halter for her neck.
Her neck was next, which might have bin
A fit supporter for her chin.
But Nature, to supply her lack,
Has drawn her neck unto her back.

The Hunters Song.

1.

LOng ere the morn
Expects the return
Of *Apollo*, from the ocean Queen,
Before the creak
Of the Crow, and the break
Of the Day, in the Welkin ſeen,
Mounted he'd hollow,
And cheerfully follow
To the Chace with his Bugle clear.
Eccho he makes,
And the mountaines ſhakes
VVith the thunder of his Careere.

2.

Now bonny Bay
In his Son waxeth gray,
Dapple gray waxeth bay in his blood:
VVhite Lilly ſtops,
VVith the ſcent in her chops,
And the black Lady makes it good.
Poor ſilly *Wat*
In this wretched ſtate,
Forgets theſe delights for to hear,
Nimbly ſhe bounds
From the cry of the Hounds,
And the muſique of their Careere.

Hilh

3.

Hills, with the heat
Of the Gallopers sweat,
Reviving their frozen rops,
Dales purple flowers
That springs with the showers,
That down from the rowels drops,
Swaines their repast
And Strangers their hast,
Neglect when the hornes they do hear,
To see a fleet
Pack of Hounds in a sheet,
And the Hunter in his Careere.

4.

Thus he carreres,
Over moores, over meeres,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay,
Till he hath won
The noon from the morn,
And the evening from the day.
Sports then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home to his Cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his Careere.

To his FRIEND;

A Censure of the Poets.

MY dearly loved friend, how oft have we
In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
To some well-chosen place us'd to retire,
And there, with moderate meat & wine, & fire,
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk of this, and then discourse of that?
Spake our own Verses 'twixt our selves, if not,
Other mens lines, which we by chance had got;
Or some stage pieces, famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store:
And I remember you much pleased were,
Of those that lived long ago to hear,
As well as of those of later times,
Who have enricht our Language with their (Rimes;
And in succession how still up they grew,
Which is the subject that I now pursue:
For from my cradle, you must know, that I
Was still inclin'd to noble Poesie;
And when that once *Pueriles* I had read,
And newly had my *Cato* construed,
In my small self I greatly marvail'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men

These Poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild Tutor merrily I came:
For I was then a proper goodly Page,
Much like a Pigmy, scarce ten yeares of age,
Clasping my slender armes about his thigh,
O my dear Master! cannot you, quoth I,
Make me a Poet? do it, if you can,
And you shall see Ile quickly be a man:
Who me thus answer'd smiling, Boy, quoth he,
If you'l not play the wag, but I may see
You ply your learning, I will shortly read
Some Poets to you, *Phebus* be my speed,
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest *Mantuan*,
Then *Virgils* Eclogues, being entred thus,
Methoughts I straight had mounted *Pegasus*,
And in his full carrere could make him stop,
And bound upon *Parnassus* high cliff top:
I scorn'd your Ballad then, though it were done,
And had for *finis*, *William Elderton*,
But soft in sporting with this childish jest,
I from my subject have too large digrest.
Then to the matter that we took in hand,
Jove and *Apollo* for the Muses stand,
That noble *Chaucer* in those former times,
That did enrich our English with his Rimes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the Muses treasure, and first spake
In weighty number, delving in the Mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,

And coyn for currant, and as much as then
The English Language could expreſs to men;
He made to do onely his wondrous skill
Gave us much light from his abundant quill:
And honeſt *Gower*, who in reſpect of him,
Had onely ſipt at *Aganippe's* brim;
And though in yeares this laſt was him before,
Yet fell he far ſhort of the others ſtore;
When after thoſe four ages, very near,
They with the Muſes which converſed were.
That princely *Surrey*, early in the time
Of the eighth *Henry*, who was in the prime
Of *England's* noble youth, with him there cam
Wyat with reverence, whom we ſtill do name
Amongſt our Poets. *Brian* had a ſhare
With the two former, which accounted are
The times beſt makers; and the authors were
Of thoſe ſmall Poems, which the title beare
Of Songs and Sonnets, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty paſſages of wit.
Gaſcoign and *Churchyard* after them again,
In the beginning of *Eliza's* raign,
Accounted were great meeters many a day,
But not inſpired with brave fire, had they
Liv'd but a little longer, they had ſeen
Their works before them to have buried been.
Grave *Spencer* ſhortly after theſe came on,
Then whom I am perſwaded there was none,
Since the blind *Bard* his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake

To set down boldly, bravely so indeed
In all high knowledge finely excellent,
The noble *Sidney* with this last arose,
That *Heir* for Numbers and for Prose,
That throughly pac'd our Language so to shew
That pleteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce,
Our tongues from *Lilly's* writing, then in use.
Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of Fishes, Flies,
Playing with Words and idle Similies,
As th' English Apes, and very Zanies be,
Of every thing that they do hear and see;
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like meer Lunaticks.
Then *Warner*, though his lines were not so
Nor yet his Poem so exactly lim'd, trimm'd,
And neatly joynted; but the Critick may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say
For my old friend, some passages there be,
In which I doe protest that I doe see,
With almost wonder, so fine, cleare and new,
As yet they have been equalled by few.
Next *Marlow* bathed in the *Thespian* springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first Poets had, his raptures were
All aire and fire, which made his verse so clear;
For that fine madnesse still he did retain,
Which rightly should possesse a Poets brain.
And surely *Nash* though he a Proser were
A branch of Laurel, yet deserves to bear

Sharply Satyrick was he, and that way
He went, since that, his being to the day,
Few have attempted, and I surely think
Those words shall hardly be set down in ink.
Shall scorch and blast, so as his cold, when he
Would inflict vengeance, and be it said of thee,
Shakespeare, thou hadst a smooth & comick vain,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strange conception, and as clear a rage
As any one that traffiqu'd with the stage.
Amongst these *Samuel Daniel*, whom I
May speak of, but censure do deny,
Onely have heard some wise men him rehearse,
To be too much Historian in Verse; (close,
His Rimes were smooth, his Meetres well did
But yet his Matters better fitted Prose.
Next these, learn'd *Johnson* in this List I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the *Pierian Spring*,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was Lord here of the Theater,
Who in opinion made our learn'dst to stick,
Whether in Poems rightly dramatique:
Strong *Seneca* or *Plautus*, he or they,
Shou'd bear the Buskin, or the Sock away.
Others again, there lived in my dayes,
That have of us deserved no lesse praise
For their Translations, than the daintiest wit,
That on *Parnassus* thinks he high doth sit,
And for a chaire may amongst the Muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all:

But

But as reverent *Chapman* who hath brought to us
Musæus, *Homer*, and *Hesiodus*,
Out of the Greek, and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and so our tongue indear'd,
That were those Poets at this day alive,
To see their Books, that with us thus survive,
They would think, having neglected them so
They had bin written in the *English tongue*; (long
And *Silvester*, who from the *French* more weak,
Made *Bartas* on *his six dayes labour*, speak
In *natural English*, who, had he there been stay'd,
He had done well, and never had bewray'd
His own invention, to have been too poor,
Who still writ lesse, in striving to write more.
Then dainty *Sands*, that hath to English done,
Smooth sliding *Ovid*, and hath made him one,
With so much sweetness, and unusuall grace,
As though the neatness of the English pace
Should tell your setting Latin, that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff or lame;
So *Scotland* sent us hither for our own,
That man whose name I even would have known
To stand by mine, that most ingenious Knight,
My *Alexander*, to whom in his right,
I want extreamly, yet in speaking thus,
I do but shew that love that was 'twixt us,
And not his numbers, which were brave & high,
So like his minde, was his clear Poesie:
And my dear *Drummond*, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud I was to know

His Poesie, for which two worthy men,
I *Minstry* still shall love, and *Hawthornden*:
Then *Beamont*, *Fletcher*, and my *Brown*, arose,
My dear Companions, whom I freely chose,
My bosom-friends, and in their severall wayes
Rightly born Poets, and in these last dayes,
Men of much note, and no lesse nobler parts,
Such as to me, as freely could their hearts
As I turn mine to them, but if you shall
Say in your knowledge, that these are not all
Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
Onely wy self to these few men do tye,
Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
To publique censure, subject have been most;
For such whose Poems, be they nere so rare,
In private chambers that incloyster'd are,
And by transcription daintily must go,
As though the world unworthy were to know
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wondrous reliques in their judgements deep,
And cry them up, so let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me:
I passe not for them, nor do mean to run
In quest of those, that their applause have won
Upon our Stages in these later dayes,
That are so many; let them have the bayes
That have deserved it; let those wits that haunt
Those publique circuits, may they freely chaunt
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,
And so (my dear friend) for this time adieu.

Rea-

Reasons to Hate.

PRethee die and set me free,
Or else be
Brisk and blithe, and gay like me.
I pretend not,
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, nor the precise ones,

Prethee why the room so dark?
Not a spark,
For to light me to the mark?
Ile have day-light, or a candle,
For to see,
For to see as well as handle.

Prethee why these boles and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And these drawers, with a pox?
I would have, could Nature make it,
Nakedness,
Nakedness it selfe more naked.

There is neither art nor itch
In thy breech,
Nor provoking hand nor speech;
But when I expect a motion,
Fast asleep,
Fast asleep, or at devotion.

If then a Mistresse I must have,
Wise and grave,
Let her so her self behave,
All the day long *Susan Civil*,
Pap by night,
Pap by night, or some such Devil.

Oh the most unhappy life,
Full of strife,
'Twixt Sir *Fredrick* and his wife,
For as true as I'm a sinner,
They have no
They have no meat for their dinner.

Dunn his face looks old and ill,
And yet still
She struts and paints, and hopes to kill;
But if 'twere not for her table,
She were not,
She were not considerable.

Take a Lady in the grasse,
Clap her —
— her well and let her passe,
Upon the bed then let her tumble,
Put it in,
Put it in she'l never grumble.

King Arthur.

WHen *Arthur* first in Court began,
And was approved King a,
He bought his wife a peck of meale
To make a bag pudding a.

When *Arthur* first in Court began,
His men wore hanging sleeves a,
If all be true that I have heard,
They were three errant theeves a.

The first he was a Miller good,
The second he was a Weaver a,
The third he was a Taylor good,
And they were three theeves together a.

The Miller he stole Grist enough,
The Weaver he stole Yarn a,
The Taylor he stole good broad Cloath
To keep these three theeves warm a.

When *Arthur* first in Court began,
And was approved King a,
He kickt the Fidlers out of doores
Because they could not sing a.

Constant Affection.

SEt forty thousand on a row,
My Love will make the greatest shew;
But I for my part have chosen one,
And Ile have my Love, or Ile have none.

I bought my Love a paire of shoon
As black as jet, with shooties blew;
She put them on, and away she's flown,
Yet Ile have, &c.

Into some far Countrey Ile go,
And pine my self with care and woe.
And sigh to think what I have done,
Yet Ile have, &c.

For who can love so true as I,
Who am more than sick, yet cannot die?
My heart is broke, my delight is gone,
Yet Ile have, &c.

And when my love she thus hath try'd,
I'm sure her self she'l nere abide,
But finde me out, and bring me home,
Then Ile have, &c.

Theodora.

MY *Theodora*, Can those eyes,
From which those glories shine,
Give light to every soule that pryes,
And onely be obscur'd to mine?
Who willingly my heart resign,
Enflam'd by you to be your sacrifice.

Let but one ray inrich my soule,
And chase this gloomy shade
That doth in clouds about me rowle,
And in my breast a hell hath made;
Where fire still burns still flames invade,
And yet light's power & comfort doth controul.

Then out of gratitude Ile send
Some of my flames to thee.
Thus lovingly our wits we'l blend,
And both in Joyes shall wealthy be,
Then Love, though blinde, shall learn to see,
Since you can eyes to me and *Cupid* lend.

A Song made when King Charles *was at Plymouth.*

1.

A Riddle a Riddle me neighbor *John*,
Whore ich chave late a been a ?
Me chave a been to *Plymouth* mon,
The leek was nere a zeen a ;
Zuch ſtreets, zuch men, zuch lingiou zeas,
And Guns, with things thar tumbling,
Thy zell wea me, would bleſſe to zee
Zuch bomination jumbling.

2.

The ſtreets are laid with ſhindle ſtone,
Do giſney leek the zee a,
Brave ſhops ſtand open ole day long,
Ich think a Vare that bee a.
And many a gallant man ther goeth
In goold, that zaw the King a ;
The King, zom zwete, himzell war thar,
A Mon, or zom zuch thing a.

3.

Amidſt the zeas wean vleeing burd,
And wooden houzes zwim a,
As vull of goods, as ich have hard,
Wea men up to the brim a :
Tha venter to another world,
Deſiring to conquer a,
Vor thar hugh Guns ar diviliſh ones,
Do dunder and ſpat veer a.

Yoole

4.

Voole, thou thist haft no water pail,
But that below the Moore a,
To zee the new wondft bragaft,
It do zo rage and roare a.
It is zo zolt, thy tongue would think
The veer war in the water;
It is zo wide no lond's eſpide,
Look dare zo long thereafter.

5:

Thick water vro the Element,
None can diſcern the vorm,
It zeemeth low, yet ole do ze
'Tis higher than the Moore a:
'Tis ſtrange how looking up the cleve,
Mud thind look downward rather,
And if tha chud not zeet my zell,
Chud ſcarce believ'd my vather.

6.

Oh neighbor *John*, how var is that?
Our Mizen car chill leave a,
Chill mop no longer there, that's vlat,
To waſh a zheep, or zeeve a,
Tho it zo war as *London* be,
Which is ten miles cha magin,
Chill thither hie, and thick place I,
Chill hold in great in dudgine.

Against Fruition.

STay here (fond youth) and ask no more, be wise;
Knowing too much, long since loſt Paradiſe:
The vertuous joyes thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride, and would'ſt not take it ill,
If rudely from ſweet Dreames, and for ſome Toy
Th'wert wak'd: he makes himſelf that does injoy.
Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſes much, the palate cloyes.
VVho thinks he is the happier for that,
As reaſonably might hope he ſhould grow fat,
By eating unto ſurfeit this once paſt.
VVhat reliſhes? Even kiſſes loſe their taſte:
Urge not as neceſſary; alas we know,
The homelieſt thing which mankinde does, is ſo.
The world is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children then muſt be,
So muſt be bread too, but ſince there are enow
Born to the drudgery; what need we plow?
VVomen enjoy'd, whatſoe're before t'have been
Are like *Romances* read, or Playes once ſeen;

Fru-

Fruition's dull, and ſpoyles the Play much more,
Than if we read, or knew the plot before.
'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing deare,
It were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
And as in Proſpects we are then pleas'd moſt,
When ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt
And leaves us room to gueſſe, to hear reſtrained,
Hold up delight, that with exceſſe would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poore,
He's truly rich, that cannot tell his ſtore.

A SONG.

ALl you that deſire to merry be,
Come liſten unto me,
And a ſtory I ſhall tell,
Which of a Wedding befall,
Between *Arthur* of *Bradley*
And *Winifred* of *Madly*.
As *Arthur* upon a day
Met *Winifred* on the way,
He took her by the hand,
Deſiring her to ſtand,
Saying I muſt to thee recite
A matter of weight,
Of Love, that conquers Kings,
In grieved hearts ſo rings,

And if thou do't love thy Mother,
Love him that can love no other.
Which is Oh brave Arthur, &c.

For in the month of *May*,
Maidens they will say,
A May-pole we muſt have,
Your helping hand we crave.
And when it is ſet in the earth,
The maids bring Sully-bubs forth;
Not one will touch a ſup,
Till I begin a cup.
For I am the end of all
Of them, both great and ſmall.
Then tell me yes, or nay,
For I can no longer ſtay.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

Why truly *Arthur* quoth ſhe,
If you ſo minded be,
My good will I grant to you,
Or any thing I can do.
One thing I will compell,
So ask my mothers good will,
Then from thee I never will flye,
Unto the day I do dye.
Then homeward they went with ſpeed,
Where the mother they met indeed.
Well met fair Dame, quoth *Arthur*,
To move you I am come hither.

For

For I am come to crave,
Your daughter for to have,
For I mean to make her my wife,
And to live with her all my life.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

The old woman shreek'd and cry'd,
And took her daughter aside,
How now daughter, quoth she,
Are you so forward indeed,
As for to marry he,
Without consent of me?
Thou never saw'st thirteen year,
Nor art not able, I fear,
To take any over-sight,
To rule a mans house aright.
Why truly mother, quoth she,
You are mistaken in me;
If time do not decrease,
I am fifteen yeares at least.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

Then *Arthur* to them did walk,
And broke them of their talk.
I tell you Dame, quoth he,
I can have as good as thee;
For when death my father did call,
He then did leave me all

His barrels and his brooms,
And a dozen of woden ſpoones,
Diſhes ſix or ſeven,
Beſides an old ſpade, even
A braſſe pot and whimble,
A pack-needle and thimble,
A pudding prick and seale,
And my mothers own ſitting wheele;
And alſo there fell to my lot
A goodly muſtard pot.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

The old woman made a rep'y,
With courteous modeſty,
If needs it muſt ſo be,
To the match I will agree.
For death doth me call,
I then will leave her all;
For I have an earthen flaggon,
Beſides a three-quart noggin,
With ſpickets and ſoffets five,
Beſides an old bee-hive;
A wooden ladle and maile,
And a goodly old clouting-paile;
Of a chaff bed I am well ſped,
And there the Bride ſhall be wed,
And every night ſhall wear
A bolſter ſtufft with haire,
A blanket for the bride,
And a winding ſheet beſide,

And hemp, if he will it breake,
New curtaines for to make.
To make all too, I have
Stories gay and brave.
Of all the world so fine,
With oh brave eyes of mine.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

When *Arthur* his wench obtained,
And all his suits had gained,
A joyfull man was he,
As any that you could see.
Then homeward he went with speed,
Till he met with her indeed.
Two neighbours then did take
To bid guests for his sake;
For dishes and all such ware,
You need not take any care.
With oh brave, &c.

To the Church they went apace,
And wisht they might have grace,
After the Parson to say,
And not stumble by the way;
For that was all their doubt,
That either of them should be out.
And when that they were wed,
And each of them well sped,
The Bridegroom home he ran,
And after him his man,

And after him the Bride,
Full joyfull at the tyde,
As she was plac'd betwixt
Two yeomen of the Guests,
And he was neat and fine,
For he thought him at that time
Sufficient in every thing,
To wait upon a King.
But at the doore he did not miss
To give her a smacking kiss.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

To dinner they quickly gat,
The Bride betwixt them sat,
The Cook to the Dresser did call,
The young men then run all,
And thought great dignity
To carry up Furmety.
Then came leaping *Lewis*,
And he call'd hard for Brewis,
Stay, quoth *Davy Rudding*,
Thou go'st too fast with th' pudding.
Then came *Sampson Seal*,
And he carry'd Mutton and Veal;
The old woman scolds full fast,
To the Cook she makes great hast,
And him she did controul,
And swore that the Porridge was cold.
With oh brave, &c.

My Masters a while be brief,
Who taketh up the Beef?

Then

Then came *William Dickins*,
And carries the Snipes & Chickens.
Bartholmew brought up the Mustard,
Caster he carry'd the Custard.
In comes *Roger Boore*,
He carry'd up Rabbets before:
Quoth *Roger* Ile give thee a Cake,
If thou wilt carry the Drake.
Speak not more nor less,
Nor of the greatest mess,
Nor how the Bride did carve,
Nor how the Groom did serve.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.
But when that they had din'd,
Then every man had Wine;
The maids they stood aloof,
While the young men made a proof,
Who had the nimblest heels,
Or who could dance so well,
Till Hob of the hill fell over,
And over him three or four.
Up he got at last,
And forward about he past;
At *Rowland* he kicks and grins,
And he *William* ore the shins;
He takes not any offence,
But fleeres upon his wench.
The Piper he play'd Fadding,
And they ran all a gadding.
With oh brave Arthur, &c.

A SONG.

1.

THe fourteenth of September
I very well remember,
When people had eaten and fed full,
Many men, they say,
Would needs go see a Play,
But they saw a great rout at the red Bull.

2.

The Soldiers they came,
(The blinde and the lame)
To visit and undo the Players;
And women without Gowns,
They said they would have Crowns;
But they were no good Sooth-sayers.

3.

Then *Jo: Wright* they met,
Yet nothing could get,
And *Tom Fay* i'th' same condition:
The fire men they
Wou'd ha' made 'em a prey,
But they scorn'd to make a petition.

The

4.

The Minſtrills they
Had the hap that day.
(Well fare a very good token)
To keep (from the chaſe)
The fiddle and the caſe,
For the inſtruments ſcap'd unbroken.

5.

The poor and the rich,
The whore and the bitch,
Were every one at a loſſe,
But the Players were all
Turn'd (as weakeſt) to the wall,
And 'tis thought had the greateſt loſſe.

You muſt ſupppoſe it to be Eaſter holidayes; for now *Siſly* and *Doll*, *Kate* and *Peg*, *Moll* and *Nan*, are marching to *Weſtminſter* with two Prentices before them, who goe ſwinging their Muckenders in one hand, and now and then give a wipe to their greazy foreheads: at the door they meet a crowd of *Wapping Sea-men*, *Kent-ſtreet Broom-men*, together with the inhabitants of the *Bank-ſide*, with a *Butcher* or two prickt in among them; There a while they ſtand gaping for the Maſter of the Shew; preſently they hear the keyes ring, which rejoyces them more than the ſound of the Pancake-bell; and he peeping over the ſpikes, and beholding ſuch a learned Auditory, opens the gates of Paradiſe, and by that time they are half got into the firſt Chappel (for you muſt conſider they cannot go all in at once, and the man he's in haſt) he lifts up his voyce among the Tombs, and begins his lurry in manner and form following.

HEre lyes *William de Valence*,
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his Monument *which you ſee*,
Ile ſwear upon a Book.

He was High Marſhall of *England*,
When *Harry* the third did raign
Full out four hundred yeares from hence,
But he'll nere be ſo again.

Here

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lyes,
The Earle of *Shrewsbury*,
Together with his Countess *faire*,
Whom he did ocupy.

The next to him there lyeth one
Sir *Richard Peckeshal* hight,
Of whom we alwayes first do say,
He was a *Hampshire Knight*.

And now to tell you more of him
There lyes under this Stone
His two wives, and his daughters four,
Of whom I knew not one.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lye,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Anne*,
She was *Richard* the second's queen,
And he was King of *Englan*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*; the Lady *Francis*,
The same was Suffolk's Dutchess,
Two children of *Edward* the third,
Here lye *in Death's cold clutches*.

This is King *Edward* the third's brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of note, nor say they whether
He be in heaven or hell.

This same is *John* of *Eldeſton*,
And he was Earl of *Cornwall*,
This is the Lady *Phillis Mahun*,
No doubt but ſhe made horns well.

At firſt ſhe was Dutcheſs of *York*,
And then the Wife alſo
Of *Edward* Duke of *York*: and this
Two hundred and thirty years ago.

The Lady *Anne Roſſe*, *but note ye well*,
That ſhe in Childbed dy'd;
The Lady Marqueſs of *Wincheſter*
Lyes buried by her ſide.

Now think your penny wil ſpent good folks,
And that you are not beguil'd,
Within this cup doth lye the heart
Of a French Embaſſador's childe.

Nor can I tell how it came to paſſe,
On purpoſe, *or by chance*,
The bowels they lye underneath,
The body is in *France*.

The Counteſs of *Oxford* & her mother,
The good old Lady *Bourleigh*,
And that's her daughter, another Counteſſe,
Aſunder theſe not far lye.

These once were bonny Dames; and though
There were no coaches then,
Yet they their breeches jogg'd themselves,
Or had them jogg'd by men.

But wo is me, these high-born sinners
That wont to work so stoutly,
Are now laid low, and 'cause they cann't
Their Statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*,
The Lady *Anne by name*,
Wife to the Duke of *Somerset*,
Duke *Edward of great fame*.

She liv'd in *Edward* the sixt's time,
So long ago 'twas since,
How long ago was that, I pray?
Her Husband protected the Prince.

Pray do not put him out Nan.

And underneath this stone doth lye
Sir *Robert Cecils* Lady *law*,
Mother to th' Earl of *Salisbury*;
And then cry'd one, *It may be so:*

In this fair Monument *which you see*
Adorn'd with so many pillars,
Doth lye the Countess of *Buckingham*
And her Husband, Sir *George Villers*.

To the late Duke of *Buckingham*,
(We never ſpake of his Brother)
This old Sir *George* was Grandfather,
And the Counteſs his Grandmother.

Sir *Robert Eatam* a Scotch Knight,
And he was Secratary
To both of our late Queens ſo great,
Queen *Anne*, and *then* Queen *Mary*.

This was the Counteſs of *Lenox*,
Iclep'd the Lady *Marget*,
She was King *James*'s Grandmother,
Which Death I doubt did forget.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of Scots,
By more then her husband bedded,
King *James*'s Grandmother at the Caſtle
Of *Fotheringham beheaded.*

The Mother of *Henry* the ſeventh
This is, *that lyeth hard by*;
She was the Counteſs, *know ye well*,
Of *Richmond* and *Darby*.

Henry the ſeventh here doth lye,
VVith his fair Queen beſide him,
He was the Founder of this Chappel;
Oh may no ill beſide him!

He had reaſon to ſay ſo.

Therefore

Therefore his Monument's in brass,
The cost was never the lesse;
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*,
Lies there with his Dutchess.

And here they stand upright in a presse,
With bodies made of wax,
With a globe and a wand in either hand
And their robes upon their backs.

General *Ireton* and his Lady
Are here the spoyles of Death;
And also two of his children;
This must be said in a breath.

Here lyes the Duke of *Buckingham*,
And the Dutches his wife,
Whom *Felton* stabb'd at Portsmouth *town*,
And so he lost his life.

Two children of King *James* these are,
Nor do our Records vary,
Sophia in the cradle lies,
And this is the Lady *Mary*.

And this is Queen *Elizabeth*,
How the Spaniards did infest her;
Her Body's here bury'd with Queen *Mary*,
And now she agrees with her Sister,

Old *Devereux*, Earle of *Essex*,
Stands there with his Buff coat,
The Parliaments first Generall,
And very stoutly he fought.

To another Chappel now come we;
The people follow and chat.
This is the Lady *Cottington*,
And the people cry, WHO'S THAT?

This is the Lady *Francis Sidney*.
The Countess of *Sussex* is she,
And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is.
And then they look up and see.

Sir *Thomas Bromley* lyeth here,
And eight of his children,
Four daughters, and four sons also,
Both Women grown and men.

The next is Sir *John Fullerton*,
And this is his Lady *I trow*,
And this is Sir *John Puckering*,
With his fine Bed-fellow.

That in the middle is th' Earl of *Bridgewater*,
Who makes no use of his bladder,
Although his Countesse lye so nere him:
And so we go up a ladder.

King *Edward* the first a gallant blade,
Lies under-neath this Stone;
And this is the chair which he did bring,
A good while ago, from Scone.

Into the place where the great Sword and the Chair is.

In this same Chair, *till now of late,*
Our Kings and Queens were crown'd;
Under this Chair another stone
Doth lye upon the ground.

On that same stone did *Jacob* sleep,
Instead of a Down pillow;
And after that 'twas hither brought
By some good honest fellow.

A sweet nap.

King *Richard* the second he lyes here;
And his first Queen, Queen *Anne.*
Edward the third lyes here hard by,
Oh he was a gallant man.

For this was his two-handed Sword,
A blade both true and trusty,
With which he conquer'd *France*; cried one,
Good Sir 'tis very rusty.

Feel but the weight on's in your hand;
Who now with this can fight?
And then the petticoats and waistcoats,
Do wonder at his might.

Here *a lyes again* with's Queen, Queen *Philip*,
A Dutch woman *by Record*.
But that's all one, for now alas,
His P.'s not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessor lyes
Within this Monument fine;
This Monument was made before
William the Conquerors time.

There lyes *Harry* the sixth, and there
Doth lye Queen *Elnor*;
She was *Edward* the first's wife,
Which is more than ye knew before.

Henry the third here lyes entomb'd
He was Herb John *in Portugal*,
Little he did, but fifty reigned and
Although his sons were as ugly.

Fifty six yeares he reigned King,
Ere he the Crown would lay by,
Only we praise him, 'cause he was
Last builder of the Abbey.

There's General *Pepham*, and his Lady,
A very fine device a,
If more ye ask concerning him.
The D. a jot can I say.

Here *Thomas Cecil* lyes, who's that?
Why 'tis the Earle of Exeter,
And this his Countesse is; *Good Lady,*
To dis how it perplexed her.

Here *Henry Cary*, Lord *Hunsdon* rests,
Though a makes a noyse with his names;
This man was Chamberlain unto
Queen *Elizabeth, of great fame.*

And here *one William Colchester*
Lyes, *of a certainty;*
An Abbot he was of *Westminster,*
And he that sayes no, doth lye.

Plain dealing's a Jewell.

This is the Bishop of *Durham,*
Much bigger then a Fairie,
Henry the seventh lov'd him well,
And made him his Secretary.

Sir *Thomas Ruthal, what of him?*
Poor Gentlemans not a word,
Onely they bury'd him here, but now
Behold that man with a sword.

Humphrey de Bohun, *who though he were*
Norborn with me in the same town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of Essex,
Of Hereford, and Northampton.

He was High Conſtable of *England*,
As Hiſtory well expreſſes,
But now pretty maids be of good cheere,
We're going up to the Preſſes.

And now the Preſſes open ſtand,
And ye ſee them all a row,
But more is never ſaid of theſe,
Than what is ſaid below.

Here they ſtand upright.

Henry the ſeventh and his fair Queen,
Edward the firſt and his Queen,
Henry the fifth here *ſtands upright,*
And his good wife *was the* queen.

The noble Prince, Prince *Henry*,
King *James*'s eldeſt Son,
King *James*, Queen *Anne*, Qu. *Elſabeth*,
And ſo this Chappel's done.

He does not run a tilt.

Now down the ſtaires come we againe,
The man goes firſt with a ſtaff,
Perchance one tumbles down two ſteps,
And then they all do laugh.

This is the *great* Sir *Francis Vere*,
That ſo the Spaniards curry'd;
Four Colonels ſupport his Arms,
And here his body's bury'd.

That

That Statu againſt the wall with one eye;
Is Major Generall *Norrice*;
He beat the Spaniards cruelly,
As is affirm'd in Stories.

He had two if he could have kept them.

His ſix ſons there hard by him ſtand,
Each one was a Commander,
And play'd ſuch pranks as nere was known,
To reſcue the Hollander.

And there doth Sir *George Hollis* reſt,
Brother to th' Earle of *Clare*,
For which when firſt they tell me,
One louſe I doe not care.

But he hath ſomething elſe to fame him,
For he was Major Generall
To Sir *John Norrice*, that brave blade,
And ſo they go to dinner all.

About the time that mortalls whet their knives.

For now the Shew is at an end,
All things are done and ſaid;
The Citizen payes for his wife,
And the Prentice for the maid.

When th' are got out, they ſtare about,
And they ſpie againſt the wall
One with a pole-ax in his hand,
The greateſt foole of all.

For he his Land did give away,
But no man knowes wherefore,
And he made the Common-wealth his Heire,
Like *Flora* the great Whore.

A Paſtorall Song.

1.

A Silly poor Sheepherd
was folding his ſheep,
He walked ſo long,
he got cold in his feet,
He laid on his coales
by two and by three,
The more he laid on
The cuc-colder was he.

2.

But alas, good wife
what ſhall we do now?
To buy ſome more fewell
We'll ſell the brown cow,
To buy ſome more coales,
to warm thee and me;
But the more he laid on
the cuc-colder was he.

Some

3.

Some shepherds, quoth she,
themselves can warm keep,
By fleecing their flock,
and by folding their sheep,
But when you come home
with your tar-box & crook,
It grieves me to see
how cue-cold you doe look.

4.

Alas (wife) I walk
through dew, dirt and mire,
While you perhaps warm
your self without fire,
With a friend in a corner,
in such a sort, as whereby,
The warmer you are,
the cue-colder am I.

A Medly.

1.

I Sow'd my Seed
In a pleasant Field,
And it grew apace;
A blest Harvest
There was found.
To my disgrace;
And for to reap it I durst not stay.
My seed is sown,
I'm overthrown,
I must run away.

2.

To climb a tree
Where no boughes be,
But smooth withall.
I fain would enter,
But I dare not venter
For fear of fall.
But above her knees Sir you may not go,
For being a stranger,
You may not ranger,
There will come danger in climbing so.

Her

3.

Her milk white breſt,
So neatly creſt,
And all things neat,
Her leg and foot,
And all things to't,
Were made compleat, (young
With her yellow haire, ſir, when ſhe was
That when I kiſt her,
Her eyes did gliſter
As 'twere the Sun.

A Medly.

COme all you *Maids* that liſt to marry,
And you that *Husbands* want,
I wiſh you not long to tarry,
For *Husbands* are grown ſcant.

Some are grown provident,
And others all for riches,
That well is ſhe that is content
With the linings of one's breeches.

Breed up your children to ſchoole,
For that's the beſt way to teach youth,
And let them not play the foole,
But let them conſider the truth.

For *Girles* they will caper and kick,
Oh how they will range about,
And a wench that is fifteen yeares old
Good Lord how she longs for a —

Prick her out her work,
And let her Bone-lace weave.
For when that you most think of them,
They will you most deceive.

And you shall never gain a penny,
But still they will be plucking,
And think that they shall never have
Their bellies full of—.

Furmity is dainty cheere,
And *Fish* it must be spent Sir,
But *H.* doth swear he'd rather have
The belly of a pretty —.

Wenches ye do me great wrong,
Which makes me the ruffer to wrinkle,
And had I not been very strong,
She had caught fast hold of my —.

Pinching doth not go by strength,
Therefore you must leave off Sir,
If you had seen her lye at langeh,
Then you had seen brave sport Sir.

Brave

Brave *Jack* of *Winchester* had a fine dog,
The finest that ever was seen,
He gave it to his Mistress
To bear her company.

This Dog was train'd to run by her side,
When she was going to hunt,
And all the night long it lay in the bed
A licking about her ——.

Come husband, away with this filthy cure,
It makes my flesh to rise,
He left off all, and to her did fall,
And slipt between her ——

Thine or mine, for a pinte of wine,
And we'l have it for supper;
Had you but seen her stretcht at length
How strongly he did —— her.

The

The Jovial Tinker.

THere was a Lady in this Land,
She lov'd a Gentleman,
She could not tell what excuse to make
To have him now and then.

But writ a Letter to him,
And seal'd it with her hand,
Bid him become a Tinker,
To clout both pot and pan.

And when he had the Letter,
Full well he could it read,
His Brass and his Budget
Then strait did he provide.

His Hammer and his Pinsors,
And well they did agree,
With a long Club on his back,
And orderly came he.

And when he came to th' Ladies gates
He knocked most hastily:
Then who is there, the Porter sayes,
That knocks thus ruggedly?

I am a joviall Tinker,
And I work for gold and fee,
If you have any broken braſſe
Bring it here unto me.

I am the joviall'ſt tinker
Betwixt this town and *London*,
At mending of a pot or pan,
Or clouting of a Caldron.

My Braſs is in my Budget,
And my Rivets under my Apron,
I pray you tell her Ladyſhip
I am come to clout her Caldron.

Madam yon is the ſtrongeſt tinker
Betwixt this town and *London*,
He prayes me tell your Ladyſhip
He is come to clout your Caldron.

O go thy wayes good Porter,
And let the tinker in,
For I have work for him to do,
And money he may gain.

And when he came into the hall,
Upon him ſhe did wink,
Sayes take him into the buttery,
And make the knave to drink.

Such meat as we do eat, she sayes,
And such drink as I use,
For it is not any Tinkers guise
Good liquor to refuse.

She took the Tinker by the hand,
Her work for him to show,
And down fast by the Caldron side
Laid he the Lady low.

And gave to her a hammer
All in her hand to knock—
That her own wedded Lord might think
The Tinker was at work.

She put her hand into her purse,
And pluckt out five good Mark,
Said, take thee this good Tinker,
And for thy good days work;

She took the Tinker by the hand,
Her wedded Lord to show;
Sayes, here is the joviall'st tinker
That ever I did know.

This is the joviall'st tinker,
And the dearest of his work,
For he'll not drive a nail to th' head,
But he must have a Mark.

If you had been so wise Madam,
As I had thought you had bin,
Before you had set him on work
You would have agreed with him.

Pray hold your peace, good wedded Lord,
Think not of his work too dear,
For if you could do it but half so well,
I would save forty Mark a year.

And be not thou too long tinker,
And look not for my sending,
For if thou stay too long away
My Caldron will want mending.

The admirable Song of Tom *and* Will.

Tom and *Will* were Sheepherds swaines,
Who lov'd and liv'd together.
When faire *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas, why came she thither?

For though they fed two severall Flocks,
They had had but one Desire;
Pastora's eyes and Amber locks
Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of a gentle race,
By father and by mother;
Will was noble, but (alas)
He was a younger brother.

Tom was toysom, *Will* was sad,
No Huntsman nor no Fowler;
Tom was held the properer lad,
But *Will* the better bowler.

The scorching flames their hearts did bear,
They could no longer smother.
Although they knew they Rivalls were,
They still lov'd one and other.

The scorching flames their heat did bear,
They could no longer smother,
Although they knew they Rivalls were,
They still lov'd one another.

Tom would drink her health, and sweat,
This Nation could not want her;
Will would take her by the haire,
And with his voyce inchant her.

Tom kept alwayes in her sight,
And nere forgot his duty,
Tom was witty, and could write
Sweet Sonnets on her beauty.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*,
Who both did dote upon her,
For graciously she us'd them still,
And still preserv'd her honour.

Yet she was so sweet a She,
And of so sweet behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefest in her favour.

Pastora was a lovely Lass,
And of a comely feature,
Divinely good and faire she was,
And kinde to every creature.

Of favour she was provident,
And yet not over-sparing,
She gave no lesse incouragement,
Yet kept men from despairing.

Which of these two she loved best,
Or whether she loved either,
'Tis thought they will finde it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither.

She dealt her favours equally,
They both were well contented;
She kept them both from jealousie,
Not easily prevented.

Tale-telling fame hath made report
Of faire *Pastora*'s beauty,
Pastora's sent for to the Court,
There to perform her duty.

Unto the Court *Pastora*'s gone,
It had been no Court without her,
Our Queen 'mongst all her train hath none,
Nor half so fair about her.

Tom hung his dog, and threw away
His sheep-hook and his wallet;
Will burst his pipes, and curst the day
That ere he made a Sonnet.

Their nine-pins and their bowles they brake,
Their joyes were turn'd to teares,
'Tis time for me an end to make,
Let them go shake their eares.

A Song.

1.

Cloris forbear a while, do not ore-joy me;
Urge not another smile, lest thou destroy me:
That beauty pleaseth most, and is sooneſt taken,
Which is soon won, soon lost, kindly forsaken.
I love a coming Lady, faith I do,
And now & then would have her scornful too.

2.

O cloud those eyes of thine, be-peep thy feature,
Warm'd with an *April* slime, scorch not the crea-ture.
Thus to display thy wares, thus to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are in *Cupids* schooling.
Disdain begets a shent, scorn, draws me nigh,
'Tis 'cause I would, and cann't make me try.

3.

Cloris I would have thee wife, when Gallants woo thee,
And courtship thou despise, fly those pursue thee.
Fast moves an appetite, make hunger greater,
What's flinted oft delights, falls to the better:
Be kindly coy betimes, be smoothly rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

A Song.

1.

UNderneath the Caſtle wall
The Queen of Love ſits mourning
A tiring of her golden hair.
Her red-roſe cheek adorning;
VVith a lilly-white hand ſhe ſmote her breſt,
And ſaid ſhe was quite forſaken,
VVith that the Mountains fell a leaping,
And the Fidlers fell a quaking.

2.

Underneath a rotten hedge
The Pedlars wife ſits ſhiting,
A tasting of a Cabadge leaf,
Her ſhitten arſe a wiping.
VVith a coale black hand ſhe wipt her ars,
And ſaid her fingers were beſhitten;
VVith that the mountains ſtood ſtill,
And the Fidlers fell a ſpitting.

3.

The firſt beginning was, *Lillingers Round*,
VVhere the Cow leapt over the moon,
And the good wife ſh't in the piſs-pot,
And the cream ran into her ſhoon.
With hey ſtitch your noſe in her breech,
And turn about knaves all three,
And we'l have another as good as the
If you'l be ruled by me. (other,

My

4.

My sister went to market
To buy her a taffety hat,
Before she came there her arse lay bare,
Lay you your lips to that.
Hey stitch, your nose, &c.

5.

The Fidler play'd his wife a dance,
And there sprang up a rose,
The Butcher bit his wife by the arse,
And she beshit his nose.
Hey stitch, your nose, &c.

6.

Cisly sate in the wood-yard,
And it sate East and West,
Cisly sate in the wood-yard,
And the plainest way was best.
It was well known to all her friends
She made good pudding-pies,
Up she start and let a fart,
The syrop ran down her thighes.

7.

Fortune my foe hath stole away my Bacon,
And powdred Beef and Mustard my mouth hath quite forsaken;
Which makes me fall upon my Bread & Cheese;
O help strong Beer & Ale, or else my life I leese.

A Song in the praiſe of ALE.

NOr drunken nor ſober, but neighbor to both
I lately walkt down in a dale,
A freind by the way deſired me to ſtay,
And ſpeak in the praiſe of a pot of good Ale.

But yet to commend it I dare not begin,
Leſt thereby my judgement may happen to faile,
Becauſe many men do account it a ſin
To ſpeak in the praiſe of a pot of good Ale.

But yet by your leave, when troubles ariſe,
And ſorrow and care the heart doth aſſaile,
The beſt help to be found is to toſs the pot round,
And to waſh away care with a pot of good Ale.

It makes a man merry, and full of conceits,
And as good as a Piper, where muſick doth fail;
He that ſoundly drinks, no harm ever thinks;
But loves to commend a pot of good Ale.

The old wife whoſe teeth wag as faſt as her tail,
Though old age by nature be feeble and fraile,
She'l friſk & ſhe'l fling, and ſhe'l make the houſe ring,
If ſhe be but inſpir'd with a pot, &c.

The

The Ploughman, the Lab'rer, the Threſher likewiſe,
That worketh all day for a groat with his flaile,
Speaks of no leſs things then of Queens and of (Kings,
If he once be inſpir'd with a pot, &c.

The man that hath a black blous to his wife,
In her face as much favour as is in her taile
When he comes home at night, will ſweare ſhe (ſhines bright,
If he ſhine firſt with a pot, &c.

With that my friend ſaid to me, come let us go,
Thy long ſtaying here hath made thee look pale;
We'l have ſix pots more though we die on the ſcore.
And ſo they went back to the pot of good Ale.

How Daphne *payes his Debts.*

D*Aphne* was Poet to the Queen,
And he caught her by the Mony;
But afterwards he met with a Lass,
And he caught her by the Cony.

She felt him please her then so well,
For he was in his prime,
She set a mark upon his face,
To know him another time.

He feeling *England* then so hot,
In *England* would not tarry,
But made him a Barque, to *Maryland*
All his estate to carry.

This *Barque* was taken by a Frigot;
Where was poore *Daphne* then?
For *Daphne*, you know, could never fight,
And I doubt none of his men.

Then *Daphne* to the Tower must go,
Where he did fall to writing
The life and death of a *certain King*,
That did delight in fighting.

But

But city *Dun* distur'b him then,
And cries, *Discharge your debt sir,*
But he reply'd with cap in hand,
I beg your patience yet sir.

My patience yet, quoth he again,
Why how long shall ye stay?
But unto this month end, quoth he,
But he meant until the same day.

From Country then another came,
And payment him beseeches,
But *Daphne* onely makes a leg,
And gives him some fair speeches.

Quoth he, *I now have made my book,*
A fam'd Heroick Poem,
For which I'm prom is'd so many pounds,
That I know not where to bestow em.

But when this *book* it did come forth
As some have given a hinting,
The gains of his pitiful *Poetry*
Scarce paid for paper & printing.

At the months end they come again,
Molesting him like Devils.
Well now Ile pay ye all, quoth he,
I must be master o'th' Revels.

The State hath promis'd this to me,
As the Clerk of the Parliament saith,
And I hope that you will do as I do.
Believe the PUBLIQUE FAITH.

Already I have hir'd a house,
Wherein to sing and dance;
And now the Ladies shall have Masques
Made a la mode de France.

This house was Pothecaries Hall,
I tell to him that aske;
Because of a meeting that was there,
Which he said was one of his Masques.

If there you finde him not come to S. *Jonis's*,
Where his next house is hiring,
And if you come quickly, you shall see
The Players themselves attiring.

For surely he doth play, but must
Be watched like *Bacons* head,
Time is, *Time was*, but still you come
When the *Time past* is said.

I can tell y' of more of's houses, one
In *fields* of *Lincolns Inne*,
Another in *Drury Lane*: and thus
Daphne will never lin—.

Thus little you think that *Daphne* hath
A Play with you begun,
Which is the cause you interrupe him,
Ere the fifth Act be done.

Now the fifth Act is never done,
Till th' *Exit* all fulfill;
Let him but make his *Exit* first,
And then do what you will.

Yet *Daphne*, if they still molest thee,
Faith, in the minde I'm in,
I'd do as Players use to do,
Pay my great summes in tin.

Or as that you do play with them,
Think that they play with you,
Conceit you owe them nought, you know
How much Conceit will do.

Now in these houses he hath men,
And cloathes to make them trim;
For six good friends of his laid out
Six thousand pounds for him.

Then *Daphne* he will get at least
A hundred pounds a day:
Why I think the Devil's in you all,
Cann't you one minute stay?

If this won't do, but ye resolve
With Bayliffs for to sounder him,
Yet let this bride your cholers edge,
Ye shall have places under him;

His Landlord he shall have a copy
Of some new Masque, or so,
For which though he may largely crave,
Let him use some conscience though.

The taylor shall the wardrobe keep,
And now and then steale a suit,
Draper shall keep the half Crown boxes
For Gentlemen of repute.

His Landres, cause she washes well,
And kisses with a good smack o,
Shall have a Shedd wherein to sell
Strong Ale and foule Tobacco.

Nor ben't such Landlords to think
This time will nere be found;
For he that builds castles in the aire
Can build a house o'th' ground.

Therefore pray let your hearts at rest,
And do not wrack the poore,
But if he pay not in two yeares time,
Ile nere speak for him more.

Wilt

VVilly is gone to the Wood.

A SONG.

Willy's gone to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Willy's gone to the wood, thither go I;
And if thou wilt lay me down, lay me down, lay me down,
If thou wilt lay me down, loud will I cry,
Oh, oh, ah, oh, oh, ah, oh, oh, ah, oh, oh,
Oh my Love, oh my Love;
Who leads such a life like to Willy *and I?*

Willy rides all the night, all the night, all the night,
Willy rides all the night, he cannot lye, (night,
But he must see his Love, kis his Love, woo his Love,
But he must feel his Love as he pass by.
With oh, ah, &c.
None leads a life like to Willy *and I.*

I met with my Love a going to a Fayer,
He kindly imbrac'd me, ask'd what I did there;
Then presently I told him, I would not deny,
For I will love *Willy* until I die.
With oh, ah, &c.
Who is so quaint as Willy *and I?*

I met with *Willy* i'th' midſt of the green,
He told me he lov'd me, yet would not be ſeen,
Then ſweetly he laid me down, I cry'd oh fie, fie, fie,
For I love *Willy* untill I die.
With oh, oh, &c.
None leads a life like to Willy *and I.*

A Song.

YOu young men that want skill in wooing,
And have a deſire to be wed,
Take councel of me in your doing,
For fear leſt you ſhould be m ſ:d.

Do not my kind proffer refuſe,
'Twill never you deceive,
'Twill teach you what woman to chuſe,
And what creature you'd beſt for to leave.

In the firſt place I do you adviſe,
Take one nor too high nor too low,
But according unto your owne ſize,
That you may her true qualities know.

Take one nor too young, nor too old,
Take one nor too fat nor too lean;
'Tis a bad thing to meet with a ſcold,
'Tis a worſe thing to meet with a queen.

Nor

Nor take not one that's too proud,
Nor one that's a durty foul flut;
The one she will babble too loud,
And the other will poyson the gut.

Chiefly I would wish you beware
A wench with a rowling eye;
For she that will couzen and sweare,
Will also dissemble and lye.

She that has her hair a bright yellow,
And tresses like weavers of gold,
If she meet with some pretty fellow,
Her husband may chance be cuckold.

But she that's by nature compos'd
With round cherry checks and red haire,
If she be pink ey'd and long nos'd,
Believe it she's dangerous ware.

It is not all gold that doth glister,
Nor 'tis not all lead that looks dull,
For *Venus*, the fairest of Sisters,
Made *Vulcan* her husband a gull.

So often times beautiful Lasses
Do jeer their poor husbands with scorn,
And cunningly break all their glasses,
And make them drink out of a horn.

But the bonny wench with the brown brow,
Oh she is a good one indeed,
She will be true to her vow,
I wish we had more of the breed.

A Song.

1.

Did I once say that thou were faire,
And that thy breath perfum'd the aire?
Did I commit Idolatry,
And court thee as a Deity?
Oh *Celia!* then sure I was blinde,
Or else it was 'cause thou were kind.

2.

Did I once beg a wanton kisse,
And thought there was no other blisse?
Did I all other objects flye
To live lich' sun-shine of thine eye?
'Tis true, I did; but *Celia* then
Restor'd to me as much again.

3.

Now *Celia*'s chang'd, and so am I,
And love feeds upon vanity;
My constant thoughts could never find
The pleasures of a fickle mind;
Till thy example did invite
My appetite with new delight.

A SONG.

SUre 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I
Been fool'd into captivity?
My New-gate was my want of wit,
I did my self commit the bonds I knit;
I my own gaoler was, the onely foe
That did my freedome disallow:
I was a pris'ner 'cause I would be so.

But now I will shake my chaines, and prove
Opinion built the gaole of love,
Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
His broken arrowes too, which murther so.
Nay all these darts idle Lovers dream,
Were all compos'd to make a Theam
For some carousing Poet's drunken flame.

'Twas a fine life I led, when I did dresse
My self, to court your peevishnesse;
When I did at your foot-stoole lye,
Expecting from your eye to live or dye.
Now smiles or frownes, I care not which I have,
Nay rather than Ile be your slave,
Ile woo the plague to send me to the grave.

Now I can stand the sallyes of your eyes,
In vain are all your batteries.
Nor can that low dissembling smile,
Nor that bewitching stile longer beguile;
Nor those heart-traps, which you each renue
To all those witchcrafts, and to you
For evermore Ile bid adieu.

An Epitaph on John Taylor, *who was born in the City of* Glocester, *died in* Phœnix Alley, in the 75. yeare of his age; *you may finde him, if the worms have not devoured him, in* Covent Garden *Churchyard.*

HEre lies *John Taylor*, without rime or reason,
For death struck his Muse in so cold a season,
That *Jack* lost the use of his Scullers to row,
The chill pale Rascal would not let his hoar go.
Alas poor *Jack Taylor*, this 'tis to drink ale,
With nutmegs and ginger, with a toste, though stale:
It drencht thee in Rimes; hadst thou been of the pack,
With *Draiton* and *Johnson* to quaff off thy Sack,
They'd infus'd thee a *Genius* should never expire,
And have thawed thy Muse with Elemental fire.
Yet full for the honour of thy sprightly wit,
Since some of thy Fancies so handsomly hit;
The *Nymphs* of the Rivers for thy relation
Sirnamed thee *the Water-poet of the nation*.
Who can write more of thee, let him do't for me,
A pox take all Rimers, *Jack Taylor*, but thee.
Weep not Readers, if thou canst chuse,
Over the Stone of so merry a Muse.

Another from the University.

HEre lyes neither *Constable*, *Justice*, nor *Taylor*,
No *Bayly*, not *Catch-poll*, but honest *John Taylor*;
Whose name is not graven on *Marble Columns*,
But lives in his own *four hundred volumes*,
Where women and men, and children may know it,
That he was this *Islands* chief *Water-Poet*,
Who being o're-whelm'd, by Death's powre fell
Not drowned in *Lethe*, but in *Helicon*. (like one,
And since he's not living, but surely is dead,
In *Covent-garden* Church-yard he lies buried.

A SONG.

1.

OH ho boyes, soh ho boyes,
Come away boyes,
And bring me my longing desire;
A Lasse that is neat,
And can do the feat,
When lusty young blood is on fire,

2.

Let her body be tall,
And her waste be but small,
And her age not above fifteen;
Let her feare for no bed,
But let us here spread
Our mantle upon the Green.

3.

Let her have a cherry lip,
Where I Nectar may sip,
Let her eyes be as black as a sloe;
Tangling locks I doe love,
So those that hang above
Be the same of what's growing below.

4.

Let her face be faire,
And her breath be bare,
And a voyce let her have that can warble,
Let her belly be soft,
To mount me aloft,
Let her bounding buttocks be of marble.
Oh such a bonny lasse
May bring wonders to passe,
And make me grow younger and younger,
And when I depart,
She'l be mad at the heart,
That I am able to stand to it no longer.

FINIS.